# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1943

3D EVERY THURSDAY


**SAVE THE BABIES!** by the EDITOR

**EVEN THE THAMES CAUGHT FIRE!**

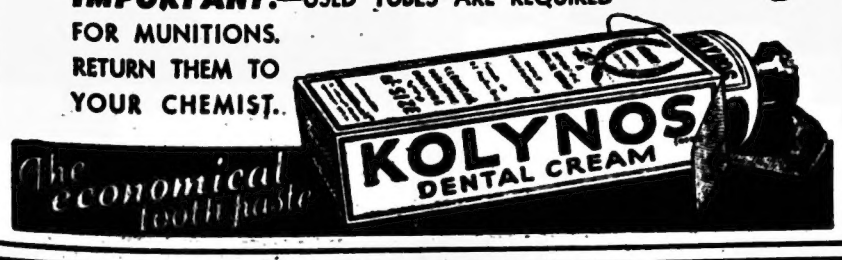
**THE FIFTH WAR WINTER** By A.G.G

by KOLYNOS! of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

***IMPORTANT.***—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



PART-TIMER TAKES A TIP
... BUT YOU'RE TOO EARLY, GLADYS! I'M NOT FINISHED BOILING YET!
IT'S ALWAYS A RUSH TO GET TO THE FACTORY AT 2 ON MONDAYS, MADGE, WITH YOUR OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS ABOUT WASHING
BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THE CLOTHES CLEAN, HAVEN'T I?
OF COURSE! BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BOIL THEM! NEXT MONDAY I'LL SHOW YOU!
NEXT MONDAY
YOU PUT THE THINGS TO SOAK IN RINSO SUDS FOR 12 MINUTES. A QUICK WASH-THROUGH AND A RINSE, AND THAT'S ALL! DON'T LOOK SO DOUBTFUL—YOU'LL SEE!
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT! THEY'RE MARVELLOUS!
WEEKS LATER
WE NEVER HAVE THAT MONDAY RUSH NOW, MADGE!
IT TOOK THE WAR TO TEACH ME NOT TO BOIL CLOTHES

**P.S.** REMEMBER—THE RINSO WAR-TIME METHOD TAKES ONLY HALF THE USUAL AMOUNT OF WATER AND TWO-THIRDS THE RINSO.

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

B3187-414 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

# And it comes out here!

Our little book "Keep It Going" is meant to do what it says — keep your set going when service and spares are hard to come by. It costs 6d. and we hope it will be a real help, but for goodness sake go to work carefully. A little knowledge *can* be a very dangerous thing. "KEEP IT GOING"

is available from all

## MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts

C. R. Casson 139

*Notice the difference when you take*

# ALASIL

TABLETS

## *To Relieve your Pain*

SCIENTIFICALLY prepared from pure aspirin combined with 'Alocol,' a recognised powerful gastric sedative and antacid, 'Alasil' Tablets possess five special advantages :—

1. *Give Quick Relief from Pain.*
2. *Help Digestion and Soothe the Stomach.*
3. *Remove excess Acid.*
4. *Have no ill or unpleasant After-effects.*
5. *Are not habit-forming.*

Widely prescribed by the Medical and Dental professions, 'Alasil' Tablets give sure relief from Headache and all forms of Neuralgic, Rheumatic and periodic pains.

*6d. in Cartons. Also in Bottles, 1/11½.*

A.S.7

# FOOD FACTS

## Five delicious dishes from one packet of dried eggs —

*and they'll taste exactly as if you'd used shell eggs!*

Here are five different family-size egg dishes you can make from a single packet of dried eggs!

Your family will think you've used shell eggs — if you don't tell them otherwise. Most people, unless you announce it beforehand, simply can't tell the difference. And, after all, there really *is* no difference. Shell eggs are three-quarters water, and dried eggs are simply shell eggs with the water and the shell taken away.

*2½-minute Omelette*

### Father's Fancy

*Ingredients:* 2 lb. cooked potatoes, 1 onion chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 3 oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper.

*Method:* Dice potatoes, mix with chopped onion and parsley. Reconstitute eggs, mix with milk, cheese and seasoning. Pour this mixture over potatoes. Bake in moderate oven till golden brown. Then watch the whole family down it with delight!

*Yorkshire Pudding*

### Creamy Custard

*Ingredients:* 2 dried eggs (unmixed), 1 oz. flour, 1 oz. sugar, 1 pint milk or milk and water.

*Method:* Mix together egg, flour, sugar. Mix to smooth cream with a little of the milk. Boil rest of milk, pour on to mixture, return to pan and boil for 3 minutes. Your family will love it!

*"Pre-war" Madeira Cake*

**RECIPES** for the omelette, Yorkshire pudding, Madeira cake, and many other delicious egg dishes are given in Cookery Leaflet No. 11. Just write to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1, and it will be sent to you free of charge. *Then you can show your family there's no egg shortage in your house!*

**You are allowed one packet of dried eggs per Ration Book every 4 weeks (2 for green books)**

*Don't mix dried eggs till you are ready to use them*

**RADIO NOTE:**

**The Kitchen Front is now broadcast from Tuesday to Friday only, 8.15 a.m.**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 170

# This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

## ROWNTREE'S COCOA

*makes every meal go further*

# Famel

## CONQUERS *coughs*

Don't neglect that cough. The supply position of Famel Syrup is not too bad this season. Regular users who *can't get on without it* should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

**FAMEL SYRUP**

(BRAND)

# Please give an EXTRA PENNY a week to the Penny-a-Week Fund

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND
Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

*Good news spreads! Mr. So-and-So's got*

# FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

*cleans ... and protects*

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.10

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 16, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## LUCKY THREE

● Touring an ordnance factory, we saw one of its most brilliant engineers at work. His work is so exacting that he mustn't do overtime.'

So his pay is little more than £6 a week.

We mention this because of an advertisement in the *Middlesex Gazette* seeking three active, reliable men for sweeping duties at Government camps—"inexperienced men will be trained if otherwise suitable."

Wages : £6 5s. weekly, rising to £8 a week in three months if satisfactory.

Now JOHN BULL believes in good wages. But we also believe in fairness.

In common-sense as well. And we don't think such offers are an aid to recruiting for such arduous, highly skilled and dangerous trades as —well, shall we say coal-mining?

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# CLOSING IN

BY invading the Balkans, we shall gain airfields from which to bomb the railways serving the Black Sea front through Hungary and Rumania.

Thus Germany's communications with southern Russia, already strained, may be snapped.

### Parachute Troops

Russian parachutists have already been dropped over the Balkan ridges to sabotage the lifes. And the rising ferment throughout south-eastern Europe invites Allied landings both in Greece and Yugoslavia.

The Germans, concentrating on the first, have packed Salonika with troops. They'll need many more reinforcements for Yugoslavia as well, thanks to the Partisans.

### Caught Out

All we dare take for granted is that the enemy will fight with fury to prevent the Allies from closing in on the Fatherland.

To presume more is to court delay and disaster to our plans. Yet we took it for granted that after we had captured most of the Dodecanese islands, the Germans would accept their defeat and bow respectfully to us. Instead, they rudely came back to Leros and Cos with bombers and parachutists—and caught us out.

### Bad Blunder

In other words, someone has blundered badly. And we can no more afford blunders now than when we could see no way to storm the Nazi citadel.

**Who was responsible for leaving inadequate garrisons on the islands? Why was not full-scale support available when the enemy counter-attacked? How did the German naval forces slip through the Allied net?**

Those questions won't be obscured by any smokescreen of airy assurances!

### Rome Will Fall

In Italy, too, we can expect no easy conquest.

We shall take Rome without much trouble. But our old foe, Father Time, has allowed the Germans to mass thirty of their divisions in our path to the Brenner—and to herd Italian workers into cattle trucks for transport to the Reich.

The farther north we go, the more savage will be the struggle.

### Evacuation?

The reverse is true of the north of Norway.

**There have been several reports that the enemy is leaving the Narvik region —a possibility mentioned in these columns weeks ago.**

### He's Wise

A wise move! His garrison there can hardly be maintained because of manpower demands elsewhere. It has been almost isolated by Sweden's ban on military traffic.

It is threatened by a rising of loyal Norwegians — indeed, even German soldiers themselves are under the Gestapo's suspicion, and are apt to be searched in the streets.

There is fear, too, of Finland sidling out of the war. Finally, the enemy knows we could not invade so arctic a coast in winter.

### The Navy's Out

Perhaps it was in search of German evacuation vessels that the British and American Navies ploughed through Norwegian waters last week.

### Fighter's Promotion

At any rate, the operation was significant in view of Admiral Cunningham's promotion to be First Sea Lord.

For Cunningham, as all the world knows, believes in enticing the enemy out. In future, the Navy may well gain a bigger share of the news.

### U-Boats' Dive

As for the U-boats, our merchantmen losses may have increased (though by no means to a serious figure) after a long period in which they were virtually nil.

There is still reason to suppose that quite a few of the enemy's submarines are diving to their doom.

### Ready for the West

As the U.S. Senate has reported, reduced losses at sea and record production from the yards have given us a 3,000,000-ton shipping windfall—which, if properly mobilised, "can deliver the decisive blow in Europe this year."

**But more than ships are needed. It is up to Britain and the U.S. to ensure that enough of everything will be available for us to deliver our culminating offensive next Spring.**

### Exit the Spies

Soon there should be much less spying on our shipping by German agents in Tangier—that Fascist stronghold which Spain occupied when our backs were turned.

**General Franco is to be asked to clear up the situation. We can be confident of a useful answer because he has already agreed to clean out another spy nest—La Linea, the town close to Gibraltar.**

### Round the Clock

On the whole, however, the most encouraging and important news is still that provided by the R.A.F. and the U.S.A.A.F. Yes—even though we tend to take it as a matter of course.

Not only are our attacks almost continuous by night and by day. Not only are new tactics keeping our losses at a moderate level despite the increasing weight of bombs

### Two-Way Onslaught

The two-way campaign has begun. Germany is now gripped by aerial pincers; her arms industries are battered, her economic life slowly strangled, by monstrously powerful forces operating both from Britain and North Africa.

Here, too, a ring of steel is closing in upon the Reich. It is being jerked tighter by the conquest of Italy.

### New Bases

Apart from the North Italian airfields, we can make Corsica an aircraft-carrier for attack on Southern France; above all, we can use the vast airfields of Foggia for trips to Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and all the Balkans.

### Bombs on Tokio

Incidentally, hints dropped by American officials about impending long-range bombing of Japan are being taken very seriously in Tokio.

Within the next few weeks a start will be made with the task of moving Government departments and factories away from the capital.

### Offensive Due

As for the American onslaught on the Japanese-held Wake Island, we may regard that as only a preliminary diversion to a far bigger operation against the Japanese—in a sector nearer the centre of the Far Eastern war.

No atrocities against captured Allied airmen will deter our commanders or dampen the zeal of their men. On the contrary!

### Despite the Mud

Nor can mid-autumn mud restrain our Russian friends from pressing on with new offensives.

Are rivers swollen and roads made quagmires in the south? Then a heavy attack is launched on the harder country to the north, around Leningrad.

### General Winter

And behind the Russian lines yet another enormous new army is in training for the snow that Stalin has proved to be a powerful ally,

**General Mud and General Winter will be helped this year by the growing Allied pressure from the south and the mounting air campaigns we have previously discussed. By synchronising these factors, Germany's inevitable end can be hastened.**

### Staff Talks?

Good news, therefore, that the Moscow Conference will coincide with military staff talks between the Powers!

The Conference itself, of course, will deal with other matters. More vital than any questions of post-war geography which may concern it are the political and economic aspects due for discussion. It is a hopeful sign that Russia is now represented on the North African and Mediterranean council.

### Spade Work

There should be general satisfaction if the conference succeeds in assembling machinery for future discussion and consultation

Once that is done, the way will be paved for a meeting between Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.

### Mr. Morrison Again

Here in Britain, also, preliminary work has been started on the vast task of Reconstruction.

**Mr. Morrison's lucid and emphatic speech on the need for post-war controls may have angered the Diehards and saddened Mr. Ernest Brown. But it expresses the policy—and decisions—of the War Cabinet.**

### Free Air

Undoubtedly, work is going on behind the Westminster scenes.

Thus, Lord Beaverbrook's first job concerns the future of the world's airways. His appointment, incidentally, has delayed the formation of a separate Ministry for Civil Aviation (recently predicted in these columns).

The speeches of Mr. Elmer Davis and other Americans suggest that Washington, as well as London, is awake to the danger of cut-throat competition and national rivalries after the war.

### More, Please!

It is even said that Mr. Churchill's Four-Year Plan for a post-war era of prosperity and social justice is taking shape.

But, no matter how much is being accomplished in quiet committee rooms, the public is entitled to demand an interim report.

**Impatience and suspicion will mount to danger point unless we are all satisfied that real progress is being made—and unless we are able to examine the broad proposals.**

*(Continued overleaf)*


● *JOHN BULL offers readers protection for furniture and personal effects against loss by fire, storm, flood, lightning, burglary, etc. Also Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's).*

● **Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WISE warnings have come from Dr. R. H. Tawney, speaking as President at the Conference of the Workers' Education Association.

He tells us that if the promised Education Bill isn't passed before the end of the war, it never will be.

## Forgotten Slogans

Perhaps that's not too gloomy. The Government is very ready to put out slogans—like "Social Security"—which catch the people's imagination. And then to forget them—coining a fine phrase, in fact, and then debasing the coinage by doing nothing.

*He's warned us*

The President of the Board of Education has been touring the country to study reaction. When he gets back to Whitehall we hope he'll have no doubt that the people want to see his proposals on the Statute Book and not on the shelf.

As Dr. Tawney points out, Defence Regulations which shatter democratic principles can be accepted in a few hours. But moves to extend our opportunities are too apt to potter into oblivion.

## Saved from the Services

A point about education is brought up by a South Wales reader, who complains that the local authorities in her area are approving the appointment of uncertificated teachers eligible for the Services or other war work.

*These young people, she comments, are not needed, as certificated ex-teachers are repeatedly applying for reinstatement.*

Is someone working against Mr. Bevin? Or has Mr. Bevin fixed it up with Mr. Butler?

## One Alone

Across the Bristol Channel, at Clevedon, the country is losing the services of a teacher with twenty years' experience—eleven of them in a local elementary school.

She's been ordered to take an evacuee and can, therefore, do only part-time war work *other than teaching.*

Looking after one child instead of a class doesn't sound very economical.

## School Coupons Again

**The case of Sheila Rayment (and her house-shoes for school) is forgotten since the friendly settlement with the Ilford headmistress and the Chairman of Governors.**

**But a Chelmsford parent reminds us that Ilford is not the only High School where the headmistress is allowed to suggest how a girl's coupons are to be spent.**

## Told to Report

This mother says her daughter, just at an age to miss any extra coupons, was told to get more school uniform frocks. She'd got plenty of other frocks, but wasn't allowed to wear them.

There was a good deal of unpleasantness with the headmistress. In the end the girl was allowed to use up her old frocks on condition she reported each morning to be "passed" as suitable for school requirements.

What snobbery! What unhappiness for the child!

## Good Example

Talking of waste of coupons, why do we hear that the Board of Trade has issued a hundred to a Lancashire mayor-elect? Why must the alderman and his wife procure the morning and evening dress "necessary to carry out their civic duties"?

Sartorial symbols of social standing (formal dress, if you prefer it) are tommy-rot in war time. What about Mr. Churchill's boiler suit?

## Old Story

Probably shoes are giving people most difficulty of all. The President of the Board of Trade went to see the people who make them the other day and came back—cheerful as ever—to say things would be better.

## "Lacks Skill"

He spun his old yarn about shortage of leather. It won't impress Alfred James Bagshaw, of Shoreditch, London. Bagshaw has been taught shoe repairing by some of the best instructors in the country. He's been invalided out of the Army after seventeen years' service.

And he's been refused a permit to start as a shoe repairer on the ground that he lacks skill because his experience has been confined to Army boots.

## Adults Only

While this sort of thing is going on we get a letter from a Middlesbrough reader to say that his local shop has been refusing to do repairs for children. Only adults are catered for, no doubt because higher prices can be charged.

This, when Mr. Dalton promises priority for the children.

## Profit in Wood

Another reader, whose father was in the trade, complains about the scandal of wooden-soled shoes. She says that though many cost as much as 50s. a pair, the soles are made at the rate of fifty-four dozen pairs a day per man and the tops are machined together by women at the rate of eight or nine dozen pairs a day. The shoes are completed by hand at a speed of about six pairs an hour.

We're certainly short of timber; but surely leather is scarcer. Yet you can still get leather shoes for less than 50s.

## Wringing the Change

*Shoes are not the only things for the profiteers. A wringing machine was offered for sale in Birmingham the other day for £30. The salesman said it was "quite cheap."*

*Funny he should have said that. Because the pre-war price of this wringer was 35s. plus 15s. for the stand.*

## Up the Garden

Inexperienced gardeners are also suffering badly from traders with an eye to a bit of easy war-time money.

Look at some of the prices asked for bulbs and plants. A colleague bought a packet of Sweet William seeds for 4d. and got a hundred plants. He paid 6d. for wallflower seeds and got eighty plants. In a London shop the other day he was asked 1s. 6d. for half a dozen wallflower plants.

## Police Methods

Anyone who is trapped into paying these exorbitant prices is wasting money. But that's not so serious as wasting petrol—the stuff that Merchant sailors' lives are made on.

In a big Yorkshire town there lives a police official who is called for every morning by a police car driven by a police chauffeur. It brings him home to lunch, takes him back again and brings him home at night.

There's a half-hourly bus service which passes his front door.

## Removing

Perhaps there won't be a police officer to look into that case. Well, here's another that needn't cause the authorities any embarrassment: a firm advertises that the contents of hotels in the Midlands are soon to be on sale in London. The contents of two or three hundred rooms are to be auctioned.

How are they going to travel? By rail? Or is more petrol going down the drain?

## Out of Play

The fact is that the rules that matter in war-time Britain are evaded and the narrow rules of peace time are, too often, cherished. Otherwise, why should a sergeant in the R.A.F. write to complain that he can't play darts on Sundays in the "local" near his North-country station.

"I'm in an air crew," he says, "and I can fly on Sunday nights, but I can't have a simple game if I happen to be off duty." Isn't that a bit hard?

## Food for Thought

A few enlightened people are pressing for improvements in the condition of the nation's slaughter-houses. There should be more voices raised.

The conditions have become much worse since the Ministry of Food took control of slaughter. Obviously so, because more animals are being killed today in 800 slaughter-houses—many of them small, private places—than were killed in the 17,500 yards in use before the war.

## BEHIND THE NEWS

● Smuts isn't here on a courtesy or routine visit. He's wanted for a highly important job—and it may prove a lengthy one.

● **Significant items are appearing in the advertisement columns of German newspapers—columns that sometimes escape Goebbels' censors.**

● *References to "proud sorrow" and the "Bolshevist world enemy" have almost disappeared from the deaths announcements.*

● Offers for sale or exchange of farms, estates, factories are getting commoner in the periodicals catering for the well-to-do. "Wurttemberg district preferred"—is usual phrase—it's farthest away from the R.A.F.

● **German output of war material is now definitely below losses on all fronts. Disastrous fact cannot be disguised even inside Germany, so now there's a Press campaign praising the quality of German weapons.**

● *Plans for a suicidal death-and-glory action of the German navy are said to have been put before Hitler by his Grand Admiral Doenitz. But Hitler, the landlubber, is hesitant about naval decisions, which are outside the scope of his intuition.*

● **Mr. William Duncan looks after a farm at Stornoway on the Island of Lewis. He went there this year to get the best he could out of his land. Now he's sent us a copy of a letter addressed from Stornoway's Free Church Manse:**

★ ★ ★

**DEAR SIR,—It was with amazement and much vexation that I learned that you had the reaper in operation on the Manor Farm yesterday (Sabbath). This is the first time that such a thing has happened in the Island, and I trust that it will be the last.**

**Although you are a stranger to the ways and customs of the people of Lewis, yet surely you cannot be so ignorant of the fundamentals of the Christian religion as not to know that your action was not only directly defiant of the law of God, but that it also manifested a callous disregard of the Christian conscience of the community.**

**Unless I receive an assurance from you that such conduct will not be repeated, together with an apology for the offence given to the Christian people of the town, I shall take immediate steps to call a public indignation meeting, at which, no doubt, a demand will be made for your dismissal. — Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) KENNETH A. MACRAE.**

★ ★ ★

**There are three or four thousand people on Lewis. The sum total of their "mass indignation" couldn't be a fraction of the indignation that publication of this idiotic document will cause among JOHN BULL'S millions of readers.**

## Do It Now

**Results are serious. Many of the buildings are unhygienic. Animals, herded too close together, suffer. Bad lighting and lack of space make it difficult for the Meat Inspector to see that he passes only sound carcases.**

**Better slaughter-houses should not be part of our post-war planning. We should tackle the evils now.**

## In the News

Shots in a Cornish Town; Twenty-one American Soldiers Held; Manhunt in the Midlands. Such headlines probably struck you last week. And maybe you wondered if the United States troops over here are an unruly lot. Maybe you went on to wonder if there's a reason for recent discrimination against our coloured visitors.

*Good-natured*

Anyone who sees a lot of Americans knows the answers. Far from being unruly, they are, with a few exceptions, much keener on fitting in with local life than our men would be across the Atlantic. And the coloured soldiers are staggeringly good-natured when you get to know them. Good-natured and cultured. Those are facts, but because Americans are "hot news" they're facts that get obscured.



WITHOUT FEAR OR

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*The babies of rich*
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*the dice loaded against*
*life and health.*

In 1938, the death-rate
a year old was only a third
in 1901.

But the decline has be
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**That alone is a dam**
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

# SAVE THE BABIES!

**HORRIFYING facts have recently been discovered concerning the deaths of British infants.**

We have been accustomed to think of the nation marching steadily and irresistibly towards a healthier life.

We could rejoice at half a century's progress despite the interruption of two catastrophic wars, huge tidal waves of unemployment, the opposition of blue-veined Diehards, and—frankly—the apathy of many comfortably-off citizens.

When this century began, as Sir John Orr has said, more than half the children in the poorer districts of our industrial towns "suffered from rickets to such an extent that those who recovered were left with permanent deformities."

That isn't so to-day.

Moreover, far fewer mothers die in childbirth.

Modern children are taller and of better physique than their parents were at the same age. And so on.

But Progress isn't necessarily either steady or irresistible. Newly published figures, indeed, suggest that our progress has been uneven and uncertain.

It has benefited the well-to-do. It has brought no relief to the people who need it most—the very poor.

*The babies of rich parents have been given a better chance of a vigorous life than ever before. The poor man's baby still has the dice loaded against it in the battle for life and health.*

In 1938, the death-rate for children less than a year old was only a third of what it had been in 1901.

But the decline has been restricted to the upper classes! So much so that, of every hundred births, eight infants of the poor die for every three of the rich!

**That alone is a damning indictment of our social system which no ingenious argument can refute.**

Indeed, the more detailed our examination of the figures, the plainer does it become that to be poor is to condemn one's children to a needlessly high risk of death.

Thus, in 1911, of every thousand children born to people in the more highly salaried professions and those holding leading positions in finance and insurance, seventy-six died. Twenty years later, the figure had fallen to thirty-three.

For persons in the less well paid professions and for employers in trade and industry, the figure had been reduced in twenty years from 106 per thousand to forty-five.

For clerks, skilled workers and shop assistants, it had fallen to fifty-eight.

*But for the poor—the class of workers usually described in official documents as "unskilled"—the death-rate had diminished only to seventy-seven per thousand births.*

THESE startling and shameful disparities have been elicited by a British statistician, Mr. R. M. Titmuss, who has published his findings in a book (*Birth, Poverty and Wealth*) which should be read by every politician.

His results tally with other disquieting facts, well known to those in charge of the nation's health services, but for long blandly ignored.

In Glasgow, for example, of every thousand children born in 1936, 109 died.

So that Glasgow has a worse record in this respect even than disease-ridden, hopelessly overcrowded Tokio!

Whereas in prosperous Surrey the figure is only forty-two.

The war against Tokio goes well. But the war against Glasgow's poverty, slums, and squalor has hardly begun.

It is a war in which determination and co-ordinated effort would assure us of success. And no campaign could be more worth while.

For to make Glasgow and Gateshead as healthy as Surrey would do more than maintain our declining population; it would mean the emergence of a New Britain of robust and contented people—a country fit for children to be reared in!

Statistics show clearly that the poor baby has almost as good a chance of survival as the rich baby during the first month of life.

It is in that period that hereditary influences have the greatest effect on the mortality rates.

But from the second to the twelfth month—when deaths from such diseases as bronchitis, pneumonia, tuberculosis and enteritis become common—the disparity becomes appallingly marked.

*It is then that the poor baby is four and a half times more likely to perish than the rich family's child.*

So much for the bare figures. How can we, as a nation able to afford millions of pounds a day for war, reduce those figures to their absolute minima?

We have done much. We have developed health services for expectant mothers and young children. We have made milk available to young families at little or no cost to the parent. During the war, other foods rich in vitamins have been reserved exclusively for infants.

And so the general death-rate for infants has fallen. But, as we have seen, while it has been falling while we have been developing child welfare services, the actual disparities between the death-rate for different sections of the community have been *increasing*.

To find a remedy, we must get down to the essentials. It will not be enough to extend child clinics and free milk, necessary though they are. We must abolish poverty itself.

Every parent, whatever his status in the social scale, whether he is in work or out of it, whether he toils for a pittance or terms himself of "independent means," should henceforth be assured of the ability to keep his family in reasonable and healthy comfort.

An impossible aim? By no means! Ten months ago a detailed plan was published to demonstrate how speedily and easily such an aim could be accomplished.

IT would give to all married women who held a job 36s. a week for thirteen weeks after the birth of their baby.

For every woman whose husband was nationally insured, a maternity grant of £4 would be payable.

Free medical treatment for every citizen, irrespective of age or income, would be provided as a matter of course.

There would be no Means Test for the parent unlucky enough to be out of work. Husband and wife would receive £2 a week during unemployment or disability.

And every child would be given a State allowance of 8s. a week to help its parents to feed and clothe it adequately!

**The plan has become known as the Beveridge Scheme. For ten months it has been under official "consideration." A Government White Paper is to be issued shortly to discuss it.**

**But there is no sign that it will be put into operation without both a great deal of delay and a good deal of damaging amendment.**

The statistics we have quoted should be a powerful inducement to the Cabinet to cease dithering and dickering.

Until the general standard of life is raised it will remain true that for eleven rich men's babies who die from preventible causes, ninety children of the poor will perish.

The Beveridge Scheme would extract the sting from poverty. Financial experts have testified that it could well be afforded by this country.

Whatever the cost, indeed, Britain must save its babies from needless death.

# ATTENTION, MR. BEVIN

WE have heard so much about the urgent need of man-power that unemployed ex-Servicemen who have been signing on with monotonous regularity at the Employment Exchanges naturally feel indignant.

For many veterans both of this war and the last are still workless.

★ ★ ★

Take the case of Mr. A. H. Langdale, an ex-Serviceman aged 47, of The Woodlands, Lewisham, London, S.E.

He is a skilled labourer and was employed at Woolwich Arsenal from June, 1936, until he was discharged, through no fault of his own, in November, 1941.

Since then he has been regularly signing on at the local Employment Exchange, and after almost two years, he remains without a job.

This man is fit except for a minor leg ailment which makes prolonged standing impossible. He has had six years' experience in munitions, and three and a half years at Royal Ordnance factories. He worked through the *blitz* at the "Arsenal" which, in those days, was not a health resort.

Yet he cannot get work! In a period of nearly two years, Employment Exchange officials have sent him after six impossible jobs. One as a dish-washer at a West End hotel!

He was sent after a job as a builder's labourer, for which he had no experience, and for which he was turned down because it is physically impossible for him to climb up and down ladders.

Mr. Langdale offered himself for trainee employment, and was prepared to make the long daily journey to Waddon, Surrey, but he was turned down.

Worse still, owing to the shortage of man-power, this man, who has been unemployed for so long, is likely to see his wife conscripted while he continues to be on the "dole."

★ ★ ★

"If they can't find a job for me, what right have they to conscript my wife?" says Mr. Langdale.

This man is intelligent and of good character, the type of steady worker who is the backbone of the country. He held one job between the two wars, for nineteen years, and you can't hold a job for that long unless you are a honest workman.

This is no hopeless "work-shy," but a decent ex-Serviceman who has become bewildered and depressed by two years of unemployment.

★ ★ ★

He has made personal appeals to the Minister of Labour, he interviewed a Divisional Controller of the Ministry of Labour, all with the idea of getting a job somehow. But he is still unemployed.

Mr. Langdale is no isolated case, for at the same Employment Exchange there are more than thirty ex-Servicemen signing on week after week, looking for the jobs that are not there.

Throughout the country there must be many Mr. Langdales and at many Employment Exchanges there are ex-Servicemen "signing on" with monotonous regularity and suffering the long drawn out horrors of unemployment.

It is a matter for your attention, Mr. Bevin!

H. F.

# Security Does Not Lead to Adventure

SECURITY, security, security, that hateful, blessed word.

Everybody wants security—security of job, security of ease, security in middle age and old age, security from the cradle to the grave.

It's a good thing and a bad thing. It comforts, yet the comfort is a stifling blanket, weighing down the mind, killing initiative and creating all sorts of strange inhibitions.

ARGUE IT OUT By Pallas

The Archbishop of Canterbury has confessed that nothing depresses him so much as a young man who when thinking of a career begins discussing the prospects of a pension.

Adventure is not only the urge to wander, the urge to seek new lands, see new sights, live dangerously, live differently. It isn't only a search for fame or gold.

The man of principle who puts his beliefs before his material possessions is a moral adventurer—the finest type. The Christian martyrs were adventurers, every whit as bold as Raleigh and Drake, Hastings and Clive.

* * *

Any man or woman who braves the hostility of the world because of firmly held convictions is worthy of the name. No true adventurer gives a rap for security, that leaden anchor which weighs down people body and soul.

No nation of stay-at-homes ever achieved greatness.

The bonds of Empire would never have been forged if the men who sailed from England centuries ago for distant lands had worried about security.

And yet to-day we owe our present security to those adventurers who scorned it.

I have never met much happiness among people who are secure in their jobs. I mean bank clerks, teachers, Civil Servants, and others whose whole working lives are dominated by traditions of habit and respectability.

* * *

Their private lives to a large extent are governed by their employment. They are conscious of authority. The breath of scandal must not shake the foundations of their impeccable existences.

They pretend to scorn the men and women who venture now and again off the well-worn path of convention. But I feel that the scorn is sometimes not untinged with envy.

They would certainly scorn a friend of mine who threw up a highly paid post to follow a man with a religious mission.

But for human worth, for loyalty, for friendship, for understanding, for tolerance and for sincerity give me the man or woman to whom security comes a bad second to true adventure—moral or material.

# OPEN LETTERS

## Dr. T. MORTIMER LING, Lecturer on Industrial Medicine, Bristol University

DEAR DR. LING,—It is gratifying to learn that at last something is to be done to bring back to health and strength industrial workers suffering from war strain.

**Early in the New Year a new and sorely needed experiment in healing begins.**

**At Robbey Park, Sussex, a large mansion, converted into a rehabilitation centre, will open its doors to men and women who have toiled in war factories to breaking point.**

Professionally, you must feel honoured that you have been chosen to take charge of the centre. To see vitality and brightness return to those who have expended such qualities without thought or stint in the service of Britain is as great a reward as any doctor could desire.

Gratifying, too, is the fact that this is to be healing on a co-operative scale. The governing committee will consist of prominent medical men, leading industrialists, and probably representatives of the Ministries of Health and Labour.

So far, so good. But it is neither far enough nor good enough. Robbey Park will care for 120 patients at a time. For every man or woman who goes there to receive care and attention, there will be scores, maybe hundreds, who will seek in vain that special treatment they need.

Middle-aged workers by the thousand are finding the burden of war production heavier and heavier as each month passes. They grow listless. And the toll of the last four years finds them weary, but still stout of heart.

**There must be provision made for these people. We need not one but scores of Robbey Parks, where experts like yourself will bring them back to full, virile manhood and womanhood.**

That's why I earnestly hope that the mansion in your charge will prove so successful in its work of healing that the State will be compelled to set up similar centres throughout the country.—JOHN BULL.

*Open the gates to all sick workers*

## Rt. Rev. Professor JOHN BAILLIE, D.D., Moderator, the Church of Scotland

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I cannot let pass unchallenged your statement that "God's purpose has been to humble our nation to the utmost and to bring it down by a long war almost to the dust, if by that means it could be brought to see the perils of its ways."

Are we Britons then the sole concern of the Creator's purpose? Are other warring nations outside the Divine fold?

Was it God's purpose to let loose on the world Nazi tyranny, Italian treachery, and Japanese savagery?

Was it then God's purpose that our homes should be blown to bits, that our women and children should die so that we could see the peril of our ways?

Can a Compassionate Merciful Being regard as part of the Eternal, Heaven-created Cosmos the cries of starving children, the screams of flogged women and bereaved mothers, the miseries of millions of people in a bondage which only a dark Satanic mind could devise?

Perhaps you would have us believe that Hitler is really the Scourge of God sent to punish us for our transgressions? Perhaps, too, as you say, if we had defeated Hitler easily and quickly we should have learned nothing at all of the lesson God had in mind to teach us.

Perhaps! Yet I prefer to believe that God is Love and that He and His Son are the source of that infinite mercy and gentleness which we poor sinners expect but do not deserve.

**And I think that enlightened Christians the world over will regard your outburst as one of the greatest disservices a religion based on love and mercy has ever received.**—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. IVOR THOMAS, M.P. for Keighley

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—You've certainly put the cat among the social pigeons by suggesting that a solution to the post-war domestic problem is to conscript every girl in the country from a dustman's daughter to a duchess's daughter into a national service of home helps.

This valuable contribution to post-war planning will earn you the gratitude of many mothers worried by unruly daughters. And many a hard-up father, trying to keep up appearances in the "lower-income" group you refer to, will be glad to say: "No more wasting money on you, my girl, off you go to the National Woman Help Service."

And won't it be grand when the post-war skivvy turns out to be a modern Cinderella, and the Rolls limousine arrives at "Mon Repos" to take her for a drive on her afternoon off? And we can write the Countess of Blank that we are not satisfied with the antics of that lazy, incompetent daughter of hers.

More brain-waves, please, Mr. Thomas!—JOHN BULL.

## Admiral Sir DUDLEY POUND, Kensington, London, W.

DEAR SIR DUDLEY,—As First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, you steered the Royal Navy in the past four years through the most critical period in its history. Now illness has compelled your resignation.

You look back through those critical years and you review a record which, as Mr. Churchill says, "sheds lustre on your name." You see the Navy stronger than ever, with almost undisputed sway in the Mediterranean. You see the streams of war supplies pouring across the Atlantic.

In your farewell message to the Fleet you praised your successor, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, as a great sea officer and a fearless leader. Even in illness you prove generous and unselfish.

Britain is just as generous in her gratitude to you. Now that light is breaking on the horizon of victory she will not forget the magnificent work you did in the days of darkness.—JOHN BULL.

## Captain CLARK GABLE, of Hollywood and the U.S.A.A.F.

DEAR CAPTAIN GABLE,—Too many people both here and in the U.S.A. believe that film stars are not what they seem. The Hollywood moguls made you into a hero—a tough guy, a celluloid he-man.

And when Uncle Sam called, and you made your screen adieux, there were plenty of petty-minded saps who thought you would collar a soft job in Washington or New York or Miami.

Instead, you came to Britain with the American Air Force and began to knock daylight out of the Huns. Adventure and danger are now realities, not studio set-ups. You have gained the Air Medal.

And I'm told by one who met you recently that you want no publicity, praise or ballyhoo. You just want to get on with finishing the war.

Okay with me, brother!—JOHN BULL.

## Sir SEYMOUR and Lady HICKS, Fifty Years Married

DEAR PEOPLE,—But for the war you would have celebrated your golden wedding at home instead of South Africa. Yet home is where the heart is, and I know that when you looked back on your crowded wonderful years your thoughts were here with the people you love so well.

You have never been separated on any of your fifty wedding anniversaries. In a world of stage romance, your own romance survives through half a century of turbulent war and uneasy peace.

Not all of us can hope to be so blessed. But we cannot help reacting to the thought that any of us who have applauded you in the theatre have done our bit to keep those years fragrant and happy.—JOHN BULL.

**PEOPLE OF SWANSEA: Congratulations on plans for fine new city to arise from blitzed ruins. But don't expect to see it for years and years. Other bombed towns drew up their plans a year ago, but still await Whitehall's O.K. And Government statement that its Uthwatt decisions are "nearly ready" may not end the delay."**—JOHN BULL.

# Even the Thames Caught Fire!

*Were they down-hearted?*

## NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. No. 1

*★ This is what really happened when the Luftwaffe attacked Britain's Number One Target. But many of the scenes described here were to be duplicated later in the other industrial areas which helped to convince Goering that he couldn't break our spirit*

**By FRANK R. LEWEY, J.P.,**

*(Mayor of Stepney during the Blitz)*

THEY would not allow this story to be told until Britain had won supremacy in the air. That was wise, for it gives inside information of the organisation that broke the *Luftwaffe* attack of London.

It is well known, now, that the principal German objective in the Blitz was the London Docks and St. Katharine Docks. That these happen to be in Stepney, together with two miles of the most important river frontage in the world, and ninety-five miles of key roads, was just too bad for us civilians.

One hundred thousand of us, crowded into 1,900 acres, became Hitler's No. 1 Target. "Hardest of all, the *Luftwaffe* will smash Stepney!" Haw-Haw announced in that hateful voice of his from Zeesen radio.

I was looking round some ruins when I heard him say it. In a corner, a weakened girl of six, in her mother's yellow apron, was fiercely sweeping up debris with a broom bigger than herself and singing at the top of her voice like a frightened canary.

Then, through their loud-speaker, came Joyce's threat.

The kid stopped singing and began to titter. I heard her mother laugh coarsely. In the background, two costers broke into a shout of derision.

We know Joyce. He stood as a Fascist candidate against me here in 1938. Spotlights from loud-speaker vans would suddenly pinpoint him in the darkness, and the speakers would bawl: "Joyce will speak!"

One day, one of his "bodyguard" had a row with a Jew boy with sparring-partner ears. The Blackshirt was left flat, and Joyce made himself scarce. Tough? Oh, yeah!

But the *Luftwaffe* come.

One sunny afternoon the Dockmaster heard aircraft approaching, and began to count them. When he had got to 140, hundreds more were coming up behind, and the first bombs began to fall in an intensely concentrated attack.

Within minutes, huge warehouses and sheds were shooting out flames and red-hot débris, roaring and belching showers of sparks, and black smoke began to shut off the sky.

That night, you could take photographs by firelight, and German bomber fleets came steadily in and cast down more and more bombs into the fires.

The work of the fire-fighters was enormously complicated because they had to evacuate hundreds of families as the fires advanced.

Vast quantities of molten wax poured into the water, and the whole dock became an area of floating fire.

### Fire-floats Ablaze

The fire-floats engaged in fighting the fire caught fire themselves. Firemen on the dock could not get water because the river itself was flaming.

I believe it is not generally known that this raid was timed to coincide with the Thames' lowest ebb. At many points the firemen had to wade through deep mud and shallow water, dragging heavy suction-pipes with them, before they could get at water enough for their hoses.

Queer things happened in that raid on the docks. In one place, a building was on fire and the fire-fighters, still unsalted to their work, were losing heart.

Then, on the roof appeared a man with the jet end of a stirrup-pump pointing at the seething flames, and behind him an auxiliary pumping for dear life, eyes shut, lungs bursting.

Through the smoke plunged another man, yelling: "It'd go so much better, old man, if there was any water in the pail!"

### That Tonic Laugh

The ensuing ragged laugh pulled them all together, and they beat the fire from that minute.

A man who was working on a ship whose hold was on fire told me a curious thing. He was not afraid of the bombs, but had a horror of being blown by blast into the furnace in the hold that glowed and paled like a giant's lungs. Other men were blown in, and shrivelled like butterflies.

One incendiary of the thousands dropped, stuck on a ledge between two upper floors of a high building, nearly a hundred feet above ground level. Two men went to the floor above the bomb, one hung out of the window, and the other took him by the ankles and lowered him, head down, "until he succeeded in extinguishing the bomb."

Firemen trudged home through water over their ankles, suddenly vanishing shoulder deep in water-filled bomb-holes, which, under the general slush, they could not see.

At the height of these raids the King came to Stepney, and it was my job to receive him.

A lot of nonsense has been published abroad about these Royal tours of bombed areas, saying that the places were tidied up first, and that he was only taken to the polite scenes.

But this is what really happened.

We had had ten hours of it the night before, and whole streets were down. The King asked to see them, and he saw them.

I took him round from crater to crater, past houses that leaned and shuddered. Firemen were still fighting like hell to smother the last fires. There were smashed bodies about. Rescue parties were still digging in the smoky smother, blind and white with fatigue, trying to get at people who could be heard faintly shouting or knocking, deep under smouldering débris.

The King saw all that. He talked to A.R.P. personnel who could stop to converse, and respected those who were too busy saving life to stop even for a King.

"They must need furniture, some of these poor people, to replace some of what they have lost," he said in an uneven voice. He was *hurt*—hurt!

"They do, Sir," I said. "And prams. The women are crying for lack of prams. They can't get about carrying their babies everywhere."

A little later the Queen took sixty suites of furniture from Windsor Castle and linen and carpets and rugs, and sent them to East London. Presently, a lot of prams followed.

The King asked me about my work. I suppose it seemed pretty hard; and it *was* hard. He said: "But when do you *sleep*?"

"Between 6 and 7 p.m., Sir, if there's no raid. At night I share an Anderson shelter with six or eight other people. But there isn't room to do more than doze."

Once, as he was going towards his car, the people fairly mobbed the King. They beat him on the back and arms, shook his hand, and yelled: "We can stick it; only, give it to 'em back!"

To-day, in Hamburg and Essen and Berlin, the sequel is being written in letters of fire.

### Spies Didn't Stay!

Before the war, Stepney was stiff with German seamen spies.

During the bombing we had more German spies and "whisperers" going about saying: "The rich are all right in their country mansions. The King's safe enough. They want *you* to pay with *your* blood. *Stop the Jewish war!*"

One of these men got drowned. The rest cleared out.

The King was deeply interested in the way we kept our ninety miles of roads open. Two hundred and fifty large craters, as well as innumerable smaller ones, gave us our hands full.

One road crater, 100 ft. by 80 ft., took ten weeks to put right. We were being bombed all the time.

Communications were shattered and repaired. In some "incidents," portions of tram-track weighing many hundredweights were found on the roofs of high buildings.

The personnel that kept our public services going were magnificent.

They went on with their jobs, grim, tearless, silent. Grimy, with hands and eyelids twitching, swaying drunkenly on their feet with sleeplessness, defying doctors who had ordered them to rest, they carried on.

One bomb broke a 42-in. water main, a 36-in. and two 24-in. mains, knocked many valves out of the ground, smothered valve-boxes deep in débris, and flooded a large area 2 ft. deep. Valves over a mile apart had to be *found* under acres of ruins, all landmarks gone, and bombs still coming down. During 7½ hours of almost continuous bombing, the situation was got under control.

### It Tickled Him

I once saw a turncock sitting placidly on a large time-bomb, cutting away a main that prevented the bomb disposal people from lifting it out of its crater. They were whistling. The disposal men stood off at a safe distance till he finished his job.

"It didn't 'arf *tickle*!" he said as he came away.

A vital part of the work was to see that no water-borne infection arose in London. There were broken drains, broken water mains, bodies rotting under rubble. . . .

We had our busy spells!

There was, for instance, the morning when 4,000 houses had been knocked out, and the safe in which the cash of the Public Assistance Board was kept was destroyed. Yet we dealt with over 1,000 people a day for thirteen successive days.

### Reason for Anger

"Gran" Kelly was typical of the spirit of the people. She was eighty-two, and was working as a firewatcher till her house went up in flames and brickdust. Then we shifted her to the country.

And was she furious! "Take me orf the firewatchers' list, would yer?" she growled. "Oo d'yer think I am? Some little kid?"

I recall, too, two men, meeting on opposite sides of a great, smoking crater that had not been there a minute before.

"What done that?" one called to the other.

"Mice, I reckon!" was the derisive answer.

I heard the laughter ring out above the crackle of burning buildings.

# The Fifth War Winter

***We must drive home Allied victories in the field and round the table until Germany—already tottering in the ring—is dealt the knockout blow that will leave us free to swing all our strength against the "Sons of Heaven," temporary lords of the Pacific***

## By A. G. GARDINER

NOW the fifth winter of the war is upon us. In other days this would have meant that the war would go into cold storage. Armies would retire to winter quarters and the curtain would descend upon the scene.

Mechanised warfare has changed all that. It was the Battle of Moscow in the winter of 1941 that broke the spell of Hitler. It was the sensational events in Russia and Africa last winter that turned the tide which has never ceased to flow.

This winter should clinch the argument. The question is no longer how the war will end, but how soon it will end. This winter should give us the clue. It is the purpose here to suggest how the end, which is sure, may be hastened.

* * *

Let us look first, as objectively as we can, at the facts of the war as they stand.

*Germany is still powerful, still dangerous. Keep this fact always in mind.*

But she is fighting a losing battle—and knows it. Witness the silence of Hitler, the panic-stricken appeals of Goebbels, the Himmler terror on the home front.

The Axis is shattered. Germany's only European ally has deserted to our side. Her other ally is six thousand miles away, and cannot help her.

*This is what the Russian winter means for many Germans!*

**HITLER'S WAR MACHINE IN RUSSIA HAS BEEN ROLLED BACK FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO THE DNIEPER, AND THE TERRORS OF A THIRD WINTER ON THE STEPPES CONFRONT THE DEFEATED ARMY.**

From the Pyrenees to the Ægean the southern front is ablaze and crumbling. Hitler's power-house in the Ruhr is a heap of ruins, and day and night the German cities from Kiel to Munich are going up in flames.

France has tasted blood in Corsica, and is burning to get at her foe. An army of 300,000 is straining at the leash in Africa. A secret army of 200,000 awaits the zero hour on the French mainland.

Everywhere, from Finland to Hungary, the satellites see the red light and are cutting the painter.

Everywhere, from Norway to Yugoslavia and Greece, the victims of Hitler's terror are turning more defiantly on the enemy.

Everywhere the neutrals are plucking up their courage and showing a new spirit of independence. Sweden is no longer the obedient slave of Germany. She talks to her like an equal, indicts her for her savageries, gives refuge to her Danish victims, denies passage to her troops.

* * *

What does it all mean? It means that Europe and the world know that the issue of the war is no longer in doubt.

They see that with the failure of the U-boat Germany's last hope of staving off defeat has gone. They see that with the collapse of Italy, Hitler's jerry-built empire is tottering to its fall. The rot that has set in cannot be stayed.

It cannot be stayed because the balance of power has gone over decisively to the Allies. And every day that passes the scales are more heavily weighted against Germany.

Take the position in the air. To-day she is driven out of the air by a margin of 3 to 1. Soon it will be 4—1, 5—1.

She lost Africa and the Mediterranean largely through lack of planes. Deficiency of planes is one of the chief causes of her defeat in Russia.

*She no longer pretends to reply to the devastating blows of the R.A.F. She takes them "lying down." She can do no other.*

So with the sea. Here the balance was always against her. Hence she pinned all her hopes to the U-boat.

Now that the U-boat has failed her position is desperate. She has lost the Italian navy, which was the one real asset Mussolini brought her. That navy is now ours.

She calculated in getting the French navy. All that remains of that navy is in our hands and at our service.

Such fragments of the German navy as are still afloat dare not put their nose outside the shelter of the guns ashore. There are rumours of mutiny in the navy. They may well be true.

It was the mutiny at Kiel that precipitated the crash in 1918. And then Germany had a navy—next to ours the most powerful navy in the world. She had a fighting chance. If the men refused to fight then they may well refuse to fight now that they have only the skeleton of a navy.

**THE COROLLARY OF THIS IS THAT THE STRANGLEHOLD OF THE BLOCKADE HAS REACHED THE MAXIMUM OF ITS POWER. AND IT IS THE BLOCKADE WHICH IS THE DECISIVE FACTOR IN THE ARGUMENT OF WAR.**

So much for the sea and the air. Is the case more favourable to Germany on land? No.

The exhaustion of her man-power is no longer a matter of speculation. She has filled her factories with foreign slave labour (with results that will appear later).

*But she must do the fighting alone. Alone she must stem the Russian torrent. Alone she must meet the flood from the south. Alone she must maintain her reign of terror over Europe. And as her necessities mount, her power of meeting them decline.*

If this analysis of the balance of forces on the eve of the fifth winter of the war is correct, the prospect of hastening the decision is apparent.

We need to hasten it for two capital reasons. Every day's delay makes the task of salvaging the wreck of Europe more formidable. And after Hitler, we shall still have the monster of the Pacific to destroy.

**THE OBJECT THIS WINTER SHOULD BE TO MOBILISE ALL THE RESOURCES WE HAVE—POLITICAL, MILITARY, ECONOMIC, MORAL, DISRUPTIVE — IN A CONCENTRATED BLOW AT THE ENEMY, WHO IS NOW VISIBLY "ON THE ROPES."**

There is no need to stress the military aspects of the blitz. Russia is at her greatest in winter and, inspired by her marvellous summer campaign, she may be trusted to smite the reeling enemy with pauseless fury.

We shall keep pace with that fury. With our sea, air and land resources now fully released against the bro
the only limiting factor i
that of supply transport.

Meanwhile, from the
rain day and night such
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break the nerve of the
power of Himmler's lash

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Germany's last hope
failed—is a split in the An
alliance.

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**FINALLY, THE NI
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IN AT "THE KILL."**

# Swaffer Warns
# Labour Minister

THERE are twenty-two and three-quarter million's actively engaged in the war effort. I wonder who puts their case in the War Cabinet?

It is coming to something when it is the solemn *Times* which has to remind the Government that six months have passed since, in a memorable broadcast, Churchill proposed the preparation of a Four-Year Plan for Britain, but that, so far, there is no indication that anything has been done about it.

That was the night when he attacked Arthur Greenwood for calling money merely "symbols."

That night, he dealt at some length with social insurance, public health, education and agriculture, and mentioned finance, trade, employment, and physical reconstruction.

★ ★ ★

There was general approval, except from the landlords and Big Money. But that was six months ago.

Now I want to ask bluntly: "Who is going to face Winston in the Cabinet and remind him of his promises?"

They tell me in all seriousness that the only man who, so far, has dared to stand up to the Premier is Dr. Evatt, who manages foreign affairs for Australia.

There are within the innermost circle of the nation's rulers three Socialists—Clement Attlee, Ernest Bevin, and Herbert Morrison.

Of these three Labour men, Attlee is competent, honest, well-informed, and a man of th
He is wise in c
the Government
cient in detail.
good qualities co
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There remain
character—Bevin
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# Winter

released against the broken southern front, the only limiting factor in our attack will be that of supply transport.

Meanwhile, from these shores, we shall rain day and night such a deluge of destruction and death upon Germany as should break the nerve of the enemy beyond the power of Himmler's lash to keep it taut.

* * *

Germany's last hope—the U-boat having failed—is a split in the Anglo-Russo-American alliance.

Let the Moscow conference give the lie to that hope and give it quickly. Nothing will do more to shatter the morale of Germany.

And if the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt meeting can be arranged before Christmas it will be worth many victories in the field.

The moral blow must be reinforced, too, by our own internal unity. Nothing has contributed more to the Allied cause than the solidarity of the people behind the front. That solidarity must not be broken by the sort of frivolous strikes which a few hot-heads have engineered recently in defiance of their own leaders.

Meanwhile, Europe is honeycombed from end to end with explosive material awaiting the hour for a simultaneous rising. Let it be now.

**FINALLY, THE NEUTRALS. THEY CAN MAKE THIS WINTER DECISIVE. THEY CAN SHORTEN THE WAR. LET THEM COME OFF THE FENCE AND BE IN AT "THE KILL."**

**But that does not quite represent the facts. Although their opponents are a majority in the House, the workers, robbed of an opportunity of expressing their will by the electoral truce, are a majority in the country. Millions of them already feel that they have been let down.**

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**That, in my view, is the main cause of the strikes.**

**Attlee, Bevin and Morrison should immediately—for there is no time to be lost—insist on the speedy completion of the post-war Plan, upon which the future of the country depends.**

**Unless they get this Plan through, they should leave the Government and fight for the Plan on the floor of the House.**

**Yes, it is as urgent as all that!**

**★ An Indian, a Russian, a man called Smith, and an Australian have waged determined single-handed battles against the Axis—punishing enemy morale and giving inspiration to their Allies everywhere**

# ONE-MAN SHOWS

A GREAT one-man war was waged by that remarkable officer of the Gurkas — Lalbahadur Thapa. This time Thapa used the famous curved fighting knife — the kukri — for his exploit.

In the pitchy darkness of an April night, Thapa entered a narrow cleft leading to an enclosed arena surrounded by cliffs 200 ft. high. The whole place was studded with German machine-gun posts and masses of automatic weapons.

Thapa went stealthily at first. He was very close to the outposts before they heard him. They opened up with everything they had. Thapa closed with them. The great blade of the kukri rose and fell ruthlessly.

Every man in the outpost was killed. Then every gun in the arena opened fire. Thapa did not hesitate. He plunged on into the bullets.

He reached the next machine-gun post and dealt with that. By now Thapa had brought his revolver into action. Four men went down one after another before kukri and revolver.

Then he plunged on towards the crest. Yet another post opened fire. Once more Thapa ran through their fire. Again, he leapt upon two of the men with his kukri. They were killed in a flash. By now he looked a terrifying figure.

## *Terrified Germans*

So terrifying that the rest of the Germans manning the post fled. Whereupon Thapa quietly settled himself on the crest and covered the advance of his company up the defile. Almost single-handed he had broken through three German strong points and thrown the enemy out.

Another one-man war was carried on by the Russian corporal, Ivan Kresnitch. It lasted several weeks, in the Kaluga area.

A trained sharp-shooter, Ivan went out night after night, in search of trouble. Quite alone, he moved dangerously close to the German lines.

His first victim was a sentry. Ivan shot him dead through the head. On his third night he routed a German patrol and brought one of them down with a bullet in the leg. In his pocket he found a few scribbled notes which showed that the German commander was particularly anxious to discover the precise strength of that stretch of the Russian lines.

Ivan worked out a simple scheme. He moved close in, to the nearest point of the German line and waited for their patrols to move out. Twice he was lucky. Twice he followed *behind* the patrols and completely shattered their nerve by attacking from the rear.

Slowly, the toll taken by his one-man campaign mounted. And then came his crowning success.

## *Crawled with Enemy*

Once again he followed a German patrol out from its own lines. But this time he became one of the patrol.

Then he suddenly leapt up, and threw three hand grenades in quick succession. Four of the Germans crumpled in a heap. The remaining three opened fire. Ivan picked off one. Then he was himself wounded in the arm.

Leaping to his feet he rushed at the remaining two Germans firing his Tommy-gun from the hip. Another bullet hit him in the chest. But they could not stop him. The Germans were turning to run as he came within point-blank range. They were riddled with bullets. Ivan dragged himself back to the Russian lines. When they asked him what had happened he smiled and said: "I am very happy." Then he fainted.

In the vast cavern of the night the Flying Fortress was minute, unimportant. Away behind it, like fairy lights, the flak was fading.

Sergeant Maynard Smith strained his eyes into the darkness. From the ball gun turret he was watching for shadows. Blunt nosed shadows which might have been clouds . . . until the fiery tracer bullets spat at him. . . .

He watched them go by first of all. He was still watching when—whoomph—the ship staggered in her tracks.

## *Hit by Tracer*

Sheets of flame shot out of the radio cabin and the tail wing section. The electrical controls ceased to function. Smith hand-cranked himself from the turret to the ship. The radio operator came staggering out of his cabin. Already his Mae West was burned off. He made straight for the gun hatch and dived out.

Then one of the waist gunners followed him. The second waist gunner made to jump and stuck in the hatch. Smith pulled him back and took a look at him. . . . "Getting too hot for you?"

The waist gunner stared. Then he went through the rear door. Immediately Smith swung round, covered his head with a sweater and got an extinguisher to work on the fire in the radio cabin.

He was alone in the compartment.

And there, in mid-air, took place one of the strangest one-man battles of this war. For a minute or so Smith fought the fire. Then he grabbed the nearest gun and fought the 'planes.

Back again to the fire. Then swivelling another gun to drive off the F.W.s.

Still the F.W.s came in. Still Smith turned his guns on them. By now, the Fortress looked like a torch in the sky.

But the blackened, perspiring figure went on firing, went on fighting. At any moment the 'plane might have crashed.

*Lalbahadur Thapa, V.C., and the weapon that slashed his victorious way through German outposts*

Just how long the unequal battle lasted he doesn't clearly remember. But in the end he beat them both. The F.W.s dropped away into the night, the fires died down.

Away in the wilds of New Guinea there is a man fighting to-day who terrorised the Japs with his single-handed sorties.

## *Into the Jungle*

Private Harold West came from the wilds of Australia.

One night he put aside his rifle, loaded his pockets with nand grenades and slipped off into the jungle. Nobody knew where he had gone. He was on parade one minute and the next had merged into the jungle.

It was second nature to him. He knew every trick and turn of jungle life.

He smelt out a Japanese machine-gun post the first night. It took him several hours to worm his way around it, until he found a means of approaching undetected. Then, barely a few yards from the Japs he waited.

One hour went by. Two hours. . . . Three. By then only two of the Japs were still talking. West took his time.

## *Mangled Remains*

And suddenly a dreadful cry broke the utter silence of the jungle, and before the Japs were on their feet one hand grenade after another crashed down amongst them. When the smoke and the dust subsided there were just mangled remains.

Silently West made his way back to the Australian lines. With a faint grin he quietly reported, "Another Jap post wiped out, sir."

He went out again some nights later. Once more he was single-handed, once more he carried only hand grenades. In the early dawn he returned with the same brief report: "Another Jap post wiped out, sir."

Just how many times he repeated this feat is not yet clear, but in the Kododa area he had hundreds of Japs on the jump.

HARRIMAN DICKSON.

## H'UMAN MACHINE

## CONSEQUENCES

● When we were very young we must all have played that amusing game called "Consequences"—where Mr. A. meets Miss B., and he says and then she says, and the consequence was that they, etc. Well, we go on playing a game of Consequences all our lives. The difference is that we don't always realise that we're playing it.

Our behaviour, and our misbehaviour, bring consequences in their train. We should be a great deal happier than we are if we would only realise this, and think and act accordingly.

How? By thinking effectively—that is, thinking with a purpose, trying to carry a train of thought through to the end so as to get some idea of where we are going and what we are going to do as a result of our thinking.

"To pursue an aim without considering what its realisation would involve is stupid," said a recent writer. "The result may be fortunate, but it cannot be wise."

Thought, you see, must bring consequences, since thought is the forerunner of action. Our thoughts determine our acts. We act according to the *way* we think. Knowing this, the least we can do is to think carefully *how* we are going to act—*and why*. Since the consequences are going to be our responsibility, let us see that they are good.

# BIG PROFITS IN LITTLE HOMES

BANDITS of the second-hand furniture trade are plumbing new depths in their plundering of newly-weds, bombed-out families and others.

They are brazenly using normal trade channels for the disposal of their battered Victorian sticks at sky-high prices.

by OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Such as auction rooms—last hope of Britain's frustrated home-makers—which are being flooded with furniture little more than valueless by normal standards which, with the connivance of certain auctioneers, is being knocked down at fine-art prices.

At sales of that kind young Servicemen may well lavish their whole life savings to acquire a few sticks, which won't be worth 30s. when, long after the war ends, seasoned timber begins to reach the furniture trade again in adequate supplies.

### NO LIMIT

Mr. Hugh Dalton, who has been boasting lately about his success in keeping down clothing prices, must do something about these sales.

A decent dealer—and make no mistake, there are many—has given me some details of recent prices in London auctions.

They include a very excellent reproduction buffet (which young people are apt to prefer to sideboards) made in quantity by a Croydon firm for £12 each before the war. Price at auction, 55 guineas!

A commonplace three-piece suite such as any furniture shop would have been happy to have sold you before the war for £20, NEW. Auction price, second-hand, £52.

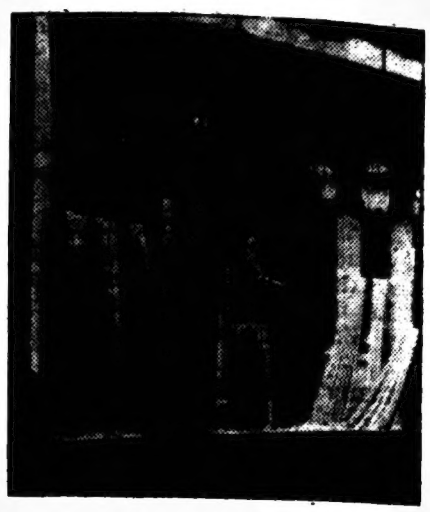
A kitchen chair which used to be a speciality of a Kensington store before the war at 6s. 6d. Price under the hammer, £2 15s.

A refrigerator which the Gas Light and Coke Company used to sell for about £30, payable over five years. Sale price, £56, cash down.

And an Axminster carpet, sold before the war for £14 (and which, with no purchase tax, Axminster could still make to sell at £16 10s.). Auction price, £46.

Other dealers have told him of blankets sold at £35 the pair (£3 10s. pre-war); shove-ha'penny board at £3 (7s. 6d. pre-war); and stair-carpet at 50s. a yard (10s. 6d. pre-war).

Mr. Dalton will, no doubt, be puzzled



*Home-builders can't resist such temptation*

at such prices. And no wonder. He thought he had safeguarded everybody with his order limiting the profits on second-hand furniture to 50 per cent.

How innocent he is!

And now let me tell him one or two of the tricks which have been designed to thwart him.

The most arrant robbery occurs at sales in private houses.

A man decides to sell his furniture and effects, lock, stock and barrel.

Dealers approach him with the suggestion: "Let me put some of my stuff among yours. I'll see you have a rake-off."

A deal results, and the public is robbed hands down.

The dealers get nearer 300 per cent. profit than the 50 per cent. authorised by the Board of Trade for second-hand furniture.

But why is there never a Board of Trade official present to discern that with so much furniture in so small a house the occupants wouldn't be able to move?

In some cases tricksters have taken private houses, filled them with second-hand furniture, and then sold out privately at unbelievable prices.

Country houses of twenty and thirty rooms have been used for this racket, and profits on each sale must have gone into tens of thousands of pounds.

As to sales in public auction rooms, there are auctioneers who not only countenance every type of profiteering, but win some material share of the ill-gotten gains for themselves by grossly inflating their commission charges.

### HONEST MEN

I am not attacking auctioneers as a whole. Considering the temptations in their path, they are a more than usually honest section of the community.

But there is nobody in trade or industry more free of control to-day than the auctioneer, and one is justified in wondering whether he should be.

One example will serve to show why.

Mr. Neil Lake, of Torquay, sold a wireless set for £25 to a caller.

Within a day or so, the man came back. He pleaded for a chance to buy one more set at the same price.

And no wonder. He had bought the set for no other reason than to put it into an auction sale, and it had been knocked down for 100 guineas.

Whitehall is too apt to say: "This is war time, and we don't want people to buy anything more than such bare necessities as food and clothing. If they do, and they get stung, then it is their own fault."

But Whitehall should learn that a home is no luxury. It is a very urgent necessity.

And it isn't right that the home-builders should be cheated of their life savings by racketeers who pay no income tax, anyhow.

# Is This What We Mean by Hospitality?

FLEECING of young soldiers, sailors and airmen, particularly if they belong to Canadian or American Forces, and who come to London or visit our big towns and cities on leave, is increasing.

Though the Military Police authorities of different nations are doing their best to check what is admittedly becoming a serious but difficult problem, I am sure there could be far more co-operation between them.

It seems to me that they act more "separately" than they should.

### TOUTS AND DECOYS

Despite the tightening restrictions placed by the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, Sir Philip Game, on night clubs, gaming haunts and illegal drinking places, these continue to open and flourish in the West End—even if only for a time.

Their touts and decoys do not now confine themselves to finding possible dupes from other places of entertainment, or through chance encounters in open streets.

They have lately made it a new habit to travel on trains running to London from areas where Canadian and American Servicemen are stationed for the purpose of meeting and "cultivating" possible dupes who have not been to London before.

One of the numerous cases recently reported to United States military authorities in London concerned an American air gunner who, having lost his nerve following air raids over enemy territory, was given leave to recuperate in the country.

He passed through London with the intention of staying for just a day or two. But he had met two cheerily spoken men in the train, and in conversation they found he had never been to the city before.

In what seemed a kind and casual fashion, they offered to show him round.

After a drink at Euston Station they took a taxi to Soho, and there the young airman was soon involved in a series of visits to crowded drinking haunts and clubs.

His "guides" took him to an hotel where a room had already been engaged. He awoke next morning to find all his money—£30—and jewellery gone.

Several Americans, too, were recently fleeced after being taken to a flat in the West End, where a middle-aged woman, aided by several charming touts, gave them drink that had been "doctored."

They complained, but they were not prepared to face the publicity of court proceedings.

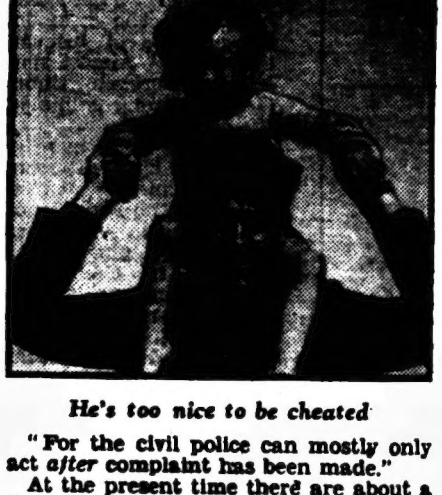
After visiting, in a similar fashion, a good-class public-house not far from the Piccadilly Circus district of the West End, a young American complained to Scotland Yard officers that his wallet, ring and watch had been stolen by a guide he met casually while strolling around.

Some criminal cases, in which men have been robbed at places *where robbery was systematically planned*, have already come before the courts.

### THEIR OWN CHOICE

"Unfortunately," said a military authority to me the other day, "while we are doing our best in very difficult circumstances to get our boys to enjoy the genuine entertainment provided at clubs and hostels specially opened for their benefit, many will *not* go to them.

"They prefer the other 'bright lights' you've mentioned. And it's a real problem knowing what to do about it.



*He's too nice to be cheated*

"For the civil police can mostly only act *after* complaint has been made."

At the present time there are about a dozen gaming haunts under observation in London alone. At one visited by the police a short while ago a soldier from overseas had been fleeced of all his money and also a diamond ring his mother had given him before he left home.

An American officer, minus his money and property, was found lying in a West End passage after being taken there by a charming guide he met in an hotel lounge about three weeks ago.

That a few petty but loathsome crooks, who are naturally not at all representative of the great majority of the British people, can get away with this sort of thing in these times is intolerable.

Several cases have been investigated by the authorities in big provincial cities. So the problem is not confined to London—which is all the more reason for urging a speedy remedy.

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mr. W. N. Jarrett, Victoria Road, Chatham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.*

*Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# The History of Dancing Oliver

By GERALD KERSH

A SLICE OF LIFE

I HAD paid half-a-guinea to see a bad musical comedy. It was so bad that I ran away from it before the interval.

The star comedian was not at all funny; he had come up out of the obscurity of the gutter, where he belonged, by the bold, unceasing use of dirt. In a naïve voice, and with an innocent air, he could utter and get away with more scabrous rubbish in half an hour than most people had heard in the past ten years.

From time to time he would pick up a musical instrument . . . and such was the peculiar talent of the man that he could make even the notes of a clarinet dirty with double-meaning.

Because of all this, he had become a universal idol, and his salary, as admiring statisticians had calculated, was equal to that of the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the President of the United States all rolled into one.

To me, he would have been expensive at half the price.

I left the theatre and walked. The night was dark. In Cecil Court, I put my hand in my pocket for a cigarette, and was horrified to find another human hand there already. Sheer shock made me grip it with all my might; it was a real hand, cold, but alive. A little whining voice cried: "Leggo! You lea' go my 'and!"

But I held it tightly. The voice whimpered: "You're breaking my fingers." I dragged the hand up and out, shifted my grip to the wrist, and heard something fall to the pavement with a metallic thump: it was my cigarette-lighter.

The wrist I was holding felt like a child's wrist; there was no flesh there, and not much bone, and the arm beyond it was not much thicker than a walking-stick.

"You come with me," I said. The little man became limp, like a fish that is too tired to struggle any more.

"I got to live," he said. "It ain't my fault if I got to live. *I* don't want to live. But it ain't my fault if I *got* to. . . ."

What can one say when a man speaks like that? I led him into a pub across the road, and looked at him in the hard yellow light of the electric chandelier.

He was the most undersized and wretched of men, a flimsy parcel of waste humanity. The scientists say that the iron, calcium, phosphorus and other chemicals that go to make up an average human body are worth about five shillings.

If this is so, the little pickpocket could not have brought more than eighteen-pence at current market prices. His little frightened eyes blinked out of an unhappy face that had been beaten concave by repeated blows.

HE was cold and hungry.

I bought him sandwiches and a drink. What else can one do?

Between the gulps he talked:

"I'm sorry, Guv, I tried to pinch that lighter. Fact is, I'm no good no more when me 'ands git a bit cold! They been broke once too often, I daresay. I used to be quick, once upon a time. I 'aven't been lumbered more'n twice in the last two years. I got six munce last time. I'd 'ave got a stretch—twelve munce at least—if you'd turned me in this time.

"But can I 'elp it if I got to live? I'm getting on for sixty years old—ain't I entitled to live?"

I asked: "Have you been at this for long?"

He drew himself up with a grotesque attempt at dignity, and replied: "No, Guv, I ain't. I been a professional in my time!"

"A professional what?"

"A *professional*. Professional singer, professional dancer, professional musician, professional footballer, and professional boxer, too. Laugh if you like. It's Gawd's truth.

"I started when I was twelve years old, with Happy Harry Moriarty, out at Barking, Barking, Essex, in 1895. You don't mean to tell me you never 'eard of Happy Harry Moriarty—the fat man, some called 'im Doublegut—used to run a 'ouse called "The Chequers," 'igh-class pub. Why, Happy used to run some of the best shows in London on Saturday afternoons. Gave me my first chance."

"Sort of a music-hall?" I asked.

"Music-hall?" repeated the little man, with some scorn.

"Why, 'appy Harry ran *everythink*. Mostly open-air shows, in the summer, and all kids. 'E give lots of us our first chance. I went to work for 'im sort of as a potboy, cleanin' up, doin' a bit of waiting at tible. 'E was a sportsman, old Moriarty—used to be a bare-knuckle fighter donkeys' years ago.

"All for sport, Happy Harry was. Sometimes, if 'e see one of 'is kids showed promise, 'e'd give 'im a chance in the ring. I tell you, people used to enjoy themselves at them shows. Old Moriarty used to give a kid sixpence if 'e won, and nothing if 'e lost, and if you lost but put up a real good fight you might get threepence for your fare 'ome.

"We wanted that tanner, an' you can imagine 'ow we fought for it. They used to call me Dancing Oliver, 'cause I was always dancing out of the way.

"You would of seen some fights, I can tell you, of an evening under the flares. It worked out somethink like this: We'd get there nice and early and get all our work done in good time, and then we'd get ready.

"First of all there might be a football match. 'Appy Harry'd make up two elevens of kids, and give them tuppence a piece for the game. If a kid done extra well 'e might get fourpence. But if old Harry thought you wasn't trying, 'e'd give your tuppence to somebody that was, and you got nothing . . . you was lucky if you didn't get a smack round the face.

"Oh, old Happy Harry Moriarty couldn't stand laziness, I can tell you.

*Sheer shock made me grip it with all my might; it was a real hand, cold but alive*

You would 'ave seen some pretty 'ot games out at Barking in those days.

"Then, after the football and the boxing, Happy Harry took the chair in a sort of what you'd call variety show.

"There was a proper peyannist, and one or two proper turns. But Moriarty was always willing to give a kid a chance, and 'e encouraged us to put on some sort of a turn ourselves. Some could dance, some could sing, some could do acrobatics a bit, and I could do all three.

"There was an old bloke that taught me to play on the banjo a bit, and I started my professional stage career as a black-faced comedian, like Chirgwin. Whether you was good or not, the audience got a laugh out of you, and if you went down well, good and proper, Happy Harry might give you a tanner.

"Once, I remember, in one day I played centre-forward in the football match, I won two fights, and I did three turns, and I made a clear three bob.

"That was a lot of money to us in those days. I used to take every penny I made 'ome to my mum. She was a widder-woman and went out cleanin'. She wanted me to get myself a steady job, going errands or selling papers. You know 'ow it is? But I sort of got the theatre in my blood.

"WOT 'appened to Moriarty? Well, 'e died, and the shows broke up.

Me and a pal worked the seasides a bit, playing and singing. Once, T. E. Dunville told me I might get on if I persevered. But I never did get on. I boxed for a while in Flambo's booth, but I got more good 'idings than anything else.

"Then I played to theatre queues for a few years, but me voice went and I 'ad to flog me banjo and never got it out again. But I don't care what anybody says, in one way and another I did manage to keep the 'ome going."

I looked at him incredulously. "You're married?"

"Six grown-up kids," he said.

"Can't they help you out a little?"

He looked up at me, blankly astonished, and said: "Do you expect me to tap my own kids?"

"Better than tapping strangers; better than stealing," I said.

He replied: "Well . . . I'm surprised at you! You can't go tapping your own kids! Why, that ain't fair. . . ."

We parted in the Strand, by one of the innumerable forty-eight-sheets that told the world where it might see the clown who was worth five times as much as the Prime Minister.

Little Dancing Oliver went sidling away along the nightbound gutters, and I never saw him again.

## WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

YOU knew, I suppose, that if you could make out a good case, you could acquire additional fuel. You went to your Fuel Office and your Local Fuel Overseer gave you a licence.

Fuel licences, until recently, small buff forms about twice the size of a postcard.

They said, in effect:

*"I hereby license you, John So-and-so, to acquire supplies of fuel as follows, during the period Bonfire Night to April Fools' Day for consumption in the controlled premises known as Such-and-such villa."*

It staggered me when I first saw it. Doesn't it stagger you?

*It is an Official Form which you and I and the next man can UNDERSTAND without reading twice.*

Something wrong in Whitehall? Well, obviously. That isn't the way to draw up an Official Form—so that people can understand it.

So some Big Brain has scrapped Official Form CRD5. They've invented Official Form CDO6.

I haven't room here to give you Official Form CDO6 in full. I can only give you an idea as to how it goes on and on.

*"In pursuance of Articles 6 and 7 of the Coal Distribution Order, 1943, I, Archibald Nonsuch, the Local Fuel Overseer for the district of Suds-in-the-Sink, hereby license you, John So-and-so, of Such-and-such Villa, to acquire during the months of July, August, September and October, 1943, for actual consumption in the controlled premises known as Such-and-such Villa, such quantity of coal that, notwithstanding that the quantity in stock for actual consumption in those premises exceeds, or, as the case may be, will, by reason of such acquisition, exceed two tons, the quantity so acquired during such period under the authority of this licence will together with any quantity so acquired during such period as permitted by such Order and Direction as aforesaid. . . ."*

And they say the British take their pleasures sadly.

Why, we're the greatest bunch of comics in the universe.

A. G.

# In Which They Serve

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

★ *Traditional daring keeps our destroyers flashing across the seas in search of battles—when the 25-year-old "tin cans"-share high honours with the latest ships*

THEIR guns heading the frontal assault at Salerno, the *Hunt* class destroyers made fresh history for sea-power.

Let us not forget that the honour of firing the first shot in the invasion of Europe fell to the destroyer *Offa*.

"We declare the bazaar open!" said the gunnery officer, as her salvos opened the bombardment of Catania an hour before the first troops landed.

Trust the destroyers to hit the high spots, break the records, trust them to be wherever there's trouble.

Fresh from the battle that sank thirty U-boats in a month in the Atlantic, the *Offa* steamed 8,000 miles in twenty-five days in implementing our armies.

And that's nothing . . .

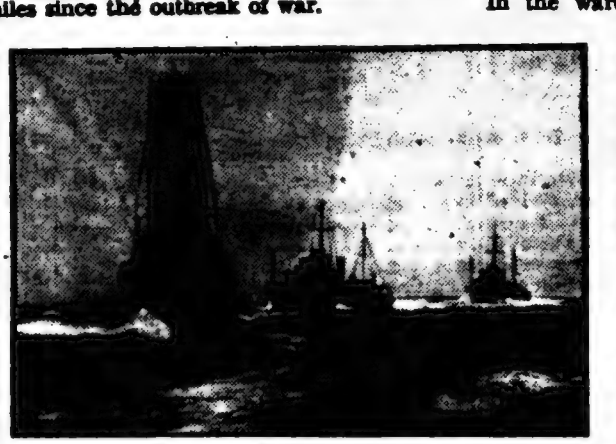
H.M.S. *Boreas* recently completed 183,244 miles with the same ship's company. H.M.S. *Wolfhound* has completed 240,000 miles since the outbreak of war.

She was at Narvik, Oran, Madagascar.

She staged one of the first U-boat kills of the war when she helped speed U.39 to its doom off the Orkneys. She escorted the *Queen Elizabeth*—the world's largest liner—on her maiden voyage. She convoyed to Malta.

"It's like having a front-row seat in history," said one of her A.B.s. "And it's always a whale of a show!"

She was even in the London *blitz* and bombed in the docks. Forty bombs missed—and her own deck guns brought down one of the raiders.



*They see the enemy to hell and further*

## Ship After Ship

Then there is the story of the *Kelvin* and *Javelin*, who sunk eleven ships in the moonlight in three hours of hard fighting.

Dashing across a German corvette's bows, in one case at ten yards range, the *Javelin* boys didn't even bother with gunnery.

They threw two minimum-set depth charges, one on either side, and blew the Axis ship clean out of the water.

They engaged ship after ship, and only one vessel of the convoy managed a getaway.

"It was like a giant game of skittles," Billy Huck, of the *Javelin's* engine-room, told me. "Talk about organised gunnery practice!"

Or stand aside and coldly consider the odyssey of the *Wolfhound*, one of the veterans of the "W" type.

Back in the most perilous days of the Channel, she was cut almost in two by Nazi bombs while escorting a convoy.

The sea hurled itself into the boiler-room and steam pressure failed. While Engine Room Artificer Syd Prickett tried to raise steam on an emergency boiler, the fore part of the ship steadily sagged lower and lower.

## Old and Game

In the chaos of twisted steel a volunteer party worked to shore up the bulkheads athwart the break. On the decks, meantime, the gunners were still engaging the raiders. When they had to leave the fore part of the ship, they continued to blaze from the guns astern.

For six hours the volunteers fought while game little trawlers tried to tow the cripped ship to port. And to-day they know the struggle was worth the risks. With a new bow and main deck, H.M.S. *Wolfhound* is back at sea.

That's the way it is. There are many other 25-year-old "tin cans" like this—trouble ships which have done some of the biggest jobs of the war.

Their bulkheads sweat if they don't leak; some have no means of communication from aft to forrard in heavy seas. Often the galley space is awash—but the fighting destroyers still see the enemy to hell and further.

H.M.S. *Woolson*, for instance, celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday by escorting a convoy towards the beaches of Sicily.

Then there is H.M.S. *Winchester*, and the amazing evidence of her logs:

More than 60,000 miles steamed within two years; 6,807 hours spent at sea; 4,500 merchant ships escorted. . . . .

Thirty dive-bombers successfully fought off, two shot down, at least three damaged. . . .

Is it any wonder if the destroyer boys regard themselves as the *corps d'élite* of the Navy?

Because the vital new radio and sub-hunting devices require specially trained personnel, most of them carry more than twice the men they were built for. Yet I've heard some of them say that they wouldn't be seen dead in the big ships.

In the wardroom of the *Matchless* I once heard an argument about whether a man could hold fast to a lifeline under the slap and pound of a 30-ft. wave. And one of the engineers told of being knocked from a line by just such a wave, carried the length of the ship—but then dropped safe to deck.

"The luck of the Navy!" he grinned.

And consider that luck! H.M.S. *Matchless* was commissioned only last year. Yet she has escorted three convoys to Russia and one to Malta and survived 269 air-raids.

One enormous silver bomb whizzed across the front of the bridge. It missed—and the sole damage was a single splinter hole. Then a pack of cruisers and destroyers attacked her in one of the rare sorties from Italy.

Every shell went wide. The officers could hear the shots going over—or see the splashes from the salvos falling short.

## Luck of the Navy?

It was like that time in the Arctic when the *Matchless* took off 200 survivors from a sinking ship. The dive-bombers were still swooping and ten out of fifteen attacks were directed at her vitals.

Without results! With more survivors aboard than the number of her own crew, with forty officers quartered in the wardroom, the *Matchless* went on. There were hot meals for all—and never one late!

Call it the luck of the Navy if you like. Link it to traditional daring. And then remember what Chief Engine Room Artificer Fred Standing, "grand old man" of H.M.S. *Windsor*, recently said when he looked back at eighteen years' naval service:—

"I don't know what a shore job is. And I'm not all that keen to find out!"

"We thought things were going to be hot," said Lieut. E. C. Jones, R.N.V.R., a peace time chemist from Croydon. "But the only thing hot was the sun!"

One of her sister ships, H.M.S. *Windsor*, was among the first at Dunkirk and the last to leave.

She, too, was bombed in the London docks during the Battle of Britain. Back at sea, six Junkers attacked her and left her with 175 holes in her side.

It looked for a time as if the *Windsor* might never see any more candles. Months later, she was in the chase of the *Bismarck* when engine trouble developed and the seas dealt her a terrific battering.

The Fleet used to call her the "tiddly *Windsor*." She has outlived the nickname. Now there are speeches about her being "a tribute to British shipbuilding."

Six V's and W's just as old—the *Wolverine*, *Viscount*, etc.—have between them sunk nearly a dozen U-boats. The famous old *Vimy* lost a screw when ramming one of the skulkers. Not at all put out, she sailed home and helped take a convoy 6,000 miles to North Africa—all on the one screw.

## GLORY IS ALWAYS HARD WON

*NEVER mind what others think, never mind what others say, do the thing you know is best, keep your head and go your way. Don't concern yourself with doubts, courage is a splendid guide, and when you do the thing that's right, then all of Heaven is on your side.*

*NEVER mind what others say or if your struggles they despise, better be scorned by many men and gain approval in His eyes. Life is hard, experience strange, courage is moulded from our fears, the good achievement lives and shines, but the easy triumph disappears.*

*NEVER mind if what you do seems an effort done in vain, all the truly worthwhile things are done without a thought of gain. And though it hurts to be passed by, by others who don't care a jot, it's what you give to life that counts, not what you say, nor what you've got.*

*NEVER mind if when you've tried, every single thing goes wrong, many discords have been struck before we hear the finished song. The highest goal is hard to reach, its roads beset with tears and toil, but only the hard-won glory lasts, for heartache ends all ill-gained spoil.*

J. M.

*It's hard for them to say what is in their hearts*

★ *If you are in doubt, write to* HUMANIST, *at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

# PARTNERS OR MERELY STRANGERS

A MAN'S primary duty is to his daily work which, incidentally, brings in the money to provide for his family; a woman's obvious duty is to keep the home going.

There is usually trouble if either interferes with the other, but I think each should be interested in the other's work.

A long letter has reached me from a man who has strong opinions about religion, politics and the affairs of the world. He never discussed his ideas with his wife, and now she has been taken from him he is remorseful. He tells me:

I confess to you now, that during the past four years, though I have had everything a man could wish, I have not been contented.

I had a good and capable partner, a job in which I was not overworked, a comfortable home. Yet I grumbled and groused about "nowt."

You know the old saying about home being the place where we are treated best and complain most? That was me.

I had the ideal family, too, a boy and a girl. But I kept my thoughts to myself. . . .

It is said that when a man has something troubling him he should confide in someone he can trust in. For that reason I am confessing to you, Humanist, and I want to ask one question that is worrying me.

Do you think that Providence has taken my wife from me in answer to a subconscious wish on my part to be free?

There is not room to quote the whole letter, but the above passages are the vital parts.

The man's wife was the victim of a disease which would have claimed her if he had never groused and never wished to be free.

It is easy to see what happened: what happens to thousands of married couples everywhere. The husband talks about trifling things that occur during the day; the wife talks about the incidents of her daily routine—the people she meets, what they said, what they were doing.

But they never discuss anything that goes on deep down within their minds.

iritual things if you like; ideas about e world, about what's wrong and how put it right; the mystery and meanf of existence.

It is strange that two people can be intimately linked in their daily es and yet find it hard to say what in their hearts.

ET another man wrote to me recently about a similar subject:

My wife and I never quarrel, and uppose our marriage is as happy as y, happier than most.

et, although we chatter a good deal ever know what my wife really thinks ut things and she probably feels the e about me.

Have you ever had the experience of king at your wife and seen her as a anger? One who has come into your e and is taken for granted for 364 ys in the year, but on the 365th day u sit and look at her with a sort of nder—a being who is fundamentally known to you?

It's a queer feeling, and I wonder if y other man has had the same perience?

One can feel just the same about any her person: the man you work with y after day, your own father or other, your own children.

But has the writer ever had a queerer perience still of looking at his face the mirror and wondered who he ally is and how he appears to others? Let him write his signature on a ece of paper and look at it fixedly king "Who is this 'John Smith' who aims to be me? Who am I?"

Back to the bread-and-butter world! My husband was born cussed, writes young wife. He disagrees with everydy on principle. If I remark that it a cold morning, he assures me that is too warm, and if I say it's warm, swears he is shivering.

E don't quarrel—he keeps his temper admirably—but he loves an argument, and the easiest way start an argument is to contradict. This is all right for me. I know his tle ways by now and catch him out saying the opposite to what I think d then laugh at him.

The only time I feel really cross is hen he argues with the waitress in a staurant about the bill and when he arts heckling a speaker at a public eeting. He generally gets the worst it and I try to look as if I don't long to him.

Is there any way of curing him of this abit of being contrary? If there is ne, I hope you feel a little sympathy d consolation.

I don't think the problem is very rious. The young wife obviously has sense of humour and only occasionlly feels embarrassed.

Men like that have their uses, and ey would put life into a debating ciety.

But the man should be the speaker imself, taking the lead instead of erely disagreeing with previous eakers. Let him do something posive and constructive. At present he nly plays second-fiddle, and he plays at out of tune.

## TURN OUT OLD SACKS

LD sacks are needed urgently for the war effort.

Imports of jute and jute sacking are own to pretty well half the normal, yet e demand for sacks has not fallen. At ast 188,000,000 sacks have to be kept in nstant commercial use.

Sacks should always be kept dry, and ouseholders and shopkeepers should earch their premises, out-houses and ores, and release every possible sack r reuse in the National cause. Sacks hich are too tattered for further use hould go into rag salvage. Those which re fit for war work should be disposed f to a recognised dealer, or to the alvage Collector.

**★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published —more if a good adventure story used at greater length— and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2**

*HERE is a description of the "Battle of the Four Hills" in a letter from Pte. J. O. Chaddock, 5th Camerons, Eighth Army, in a letter to his father at Alexander Mount, Litherland, Liverpool:*

Zero hour was at 23.50 hours. As we lay in the darkness waiting for our barrage to open there was an eerie quietness in the valley.

Our positions lay between a ridge of hills. The next ridge was held by the enemy, the Hermann Goering Panzer Grenadiers, a crack and tough division.

There were also some Italians, who were then still fighting. Between the two main ridges was a large valley, part of which we had held for a few days.

The start line of the attack was three hundred yards on our side of the road. The barrage, a "rolling" one, was laid for 23.50 hours, and was to come down on the road for ten minues, then move forward, lifting one hundred yards every five minutes.

After the barrage, our two forward companies were to clear the two ridges of the enemy, finally consolidating their positions before the first light of day.

It was a dark night with no moon. We lay silent looking at the stars, and watching the faint outline of the road. Watch-hands crept round —— quarter to twelve, five minutes to zero! Then as the minutes ticked on, it began!

At once the hills behind us were lit up as hundreds of guns thundered in a deafening chorus, ripping the silence to shreds. Then followed the whine of shells, and the whole length of the road erupted in smoke and flame.

Simultaneously, our heavy machine-guns opened up, firing from both flanks to keep German heads down. It was a terrific barrage.

We went forward as the barrage lifted. As usual, a Bofors light ack-ack gun was firing tracer stuff to help us keep direction in the dark and the fog of shell smoke. The first part of the show went off O.K., although we were mortared when crossing the road to the railway, but casualties were few.

The two forward companies reached their objectives, but were a bit shot-up on the trip down the road, near where Jerry had his main positions.

We got through all right. Jerry played some of his old tricks, shouting "Kamarad" and following this with a vicious burst of fire at point-blank range. When we found that this was happening very few prisoners were taken!

Perhaps the reason why I am still alive is that I learnt at El Alamein never to pass an apparently empty Jerry trench without putting a few rounds in each of the dark corners.

It is safe enough to take a risk with the Eyetyes, but with the Jerries it is a matter of shooting first and asking questions afterwards.

Well, it is enough to say that we won the "Battle of the Four Hills," and were well on time.

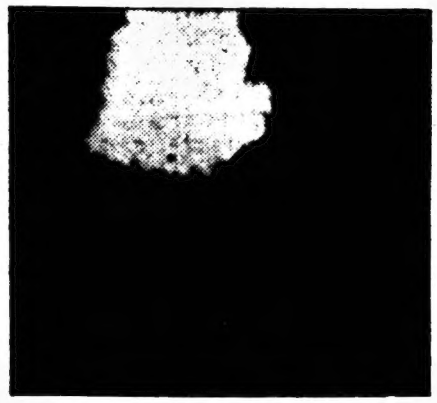
### HE LIVES IN BISKRA

*A strange encounter in Algeria is described by Sgt. J. F. Davison, Intelligence Corps, B.N.A.F., in a letter to his mother at Westfield, Battle, Sussex:*

My meeting with an English civilian in Biskra, the sun-scorched and pleasantly palmed city which stands like an oasis in the desert, needs explaining.

Riding back from the hotel billet, I almost knocked down a plump little man in a grey suit and a pork-pie hat, who was riding a smart French bike with such wild abandon that he narrowly escaped death or serious injury.

To my surprise, when he picked himself up, he came over to me and said in perfect English, "I'm sorry, old man, but one is not used to bumping into British Army cars in our little town."



*A terrific barrage opened up*

I was gasping with astonishment when he went on to say that he was the only British civilian in the town, and then invited me to go round to his home and have a chat that evening.

That night we talked and talked. We spoke of Hampstead, the London theatres, of South Coast towns and peace-time trips to the Continent.

But he prefers living out here. "Two months in London is enough," he said with a smile. "After a round of the theatres and a 'hello' to my friends, I am happy enough to return to Biskra."

So here he lives growing orange trees and date palms and enjoying life. . . . Maybe after the war I shall be going into the Coliseum, when I shall again bump into Mr. J——, of Biskra, but without his bike.

### TANK BATTLE

*Tank fighting is described by Trooper V. Halligan in a letter to his parents at Conway Street, London, W.1:*

Jock, my Scotch pal, was killed while baling out from his tank, which was knocked out as we advanced. It was a bad half-hour in the scrap when Jerry was fighting desperately in retreat.

For ourselves, we were unfortunate enough to get a shell which hit our gearbox and knocked us for six. To give Jerry his due, he knows where to place his shots. One of his guns got three of our tanks before we put paid to that sort of nonsense.

When we baled out of our tank we took our tommy-guns, first-aid kits and small packs. Two of Jerry's tanks were on the hill overlooking our position, and they let go at us with machine-guns, but we managed to escape by taking their own slit-trenches for cover. . . .

However, we managed to reach a safe position and brought in our wounded . . . our first-aid kits were very handy. For five or six hours we had a very lively time, but eventually our boys succeeded in blowing Jerry to hell, and that was the beginning of his big retreat.

That scene of burning tanks, flaming farmhouses, knocked-out anti-tank guns and fields of barley torn up by shellfire was the most desolate picture I have ever seen.

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

THERE is much talk of post-war housing, and two farm labourers' cottages have been built and inspected by the Minister of Health. Are the majority of houses to be built of decent bricks and material, or are we to have the jerry-built houses of pre-war days?—"Private," Shenley, Herts.

* * *

My husband sent a telegram from Rugby saying that he was coming home on leave. I received it twenty-five hours later—fifteen hours after his arrival!—Mrs. E. Campbell, Beaty Place, Dunfermline.

* * *

Why not control house-selling prices? Near here a landlord had tenants evicted on the grounds that he wanted the property for his own occupation, but, once vacant, he sold the house at a big profit.—Mr. J. Dawson, Upton, Birkenhead.

* * *

Yesterday I received an air mail letter from North Africa. It had been on its way since January. This service should be renamed the "Snail" Mail.—"R. B.," Notts.

* * *

After weeks of searching for razor-blades I found some in a Liverpool shop at 4d. each. They were stamped "Made in Germany."—R. J. Adams, Clavell Road, Liverpool.

### ROGUISH ELEPHANT

*Men serving with the East Africa Force often have unexpected visitors at night. Sgt. F. Palmer, R.A.F., writes to his mother at Rotherstone, Devizes, Wilts:*

There was some excitement in the small hours of yesterday, when our rest was rudely disturbed. It seems that a wandering elephant from the wilds came into our camp without invitation, and without parleying with the guard. He started charging around as if the place belonged to him. There was much angry trumpeting, followed by crashes in the dark. Well, it was fun while it lasted, and the elephant was captured before he could do much damage.

That same night we had another visitor, a native who slipped into our hut to "pinch" anything he could lay his hands on. Happily we were able to lay our hands on him, and I am sure he will think twice before he calls again.

### FOOTBALL IN THE JUNGLE

*Serving with the R.A.F. in Ceylon, L.A.C./R. J. Wheeler mentions some of the lighter moments of life in a jungle camp in a letter to his parents at Walton, Warwick:*

Our huts are in the thick of the jungle, miles from anywhere. The boys will have their joke, so outside one of the huts is a "'bus stop" sign, with a notice saying that 'buses run every two hours, with the exception of weekdays and Sundays.

A sign outside the camp points to "Death's Head Gulch"; it's all a bit daft, but we have to make our own fun. Which reminds me that the officers had a football match yesterday, and that was another big laugh. I don't think that some of those footballers had ever played the game before, but it was amusing to watch.

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Family size tin 2/-, inc. purchase tax
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DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest natural source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is LIVE Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals, you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

**A DOCTOR writes:**
*"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."*

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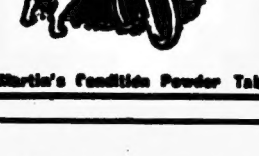
**—It's *LIFE ITSELF!***

## Healthy dogs make good companions

*Your* dog will be a healthy and happy companion provided you protect him from the common blood disorders such as loss of appetite, scratching and listlessness. A daily Bob Martin's will purify your dog's blood and make him a regular 'plus' dog. In packets of 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11



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For lighter puddings with present-day flour use **BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER**
*The Best in the World*



*New Models for New Times*

Post War
**KERSHAW**
**SOHO CAMERAS**
will be
*Better than ever*


# LAST LAUGH

N. M. (Lincoln).—"Even the law-abiding man is not sure of being able to have a roof over his head." No, he has to be a law breaker to ensure that.

D. B. (Barnes).—"A man in court complained of heavy knocks and loud grunts from the flat below." Perhaps his neighbour practises the trombone in bed.

D. N. (Sutton).—"325,000 perambulators are to be manufactured." Storks defy flak.

W. L. (Preston).—"Goering is said to be suffering from nervous trouble and sleeps very fitfully." As he tosses and turns the medals on his pyjamas *will* jangle.

D. M. (Norwich).—"City dwellers are helping on the farms this year." Already many couponless husbands have volunteered as scarecrows.

W. M. (Nottingham).—"In the Midlands a meeting of a Town Council was held out of doors." A venturesome wasp buzzed off on catching a glimpse of the Mayoral Mace.

F. B. (Paddington).—"A witness named Watt, when asked where he was born replied 'Ware.'" He may not know it, but the copyright for all this sort of thing is held by Mr. Will Hay.

E. L. (Exeter).—"Films shown in gaol have been the cause of many prisoners leading straight lives on their release." They realise what is in store for them if they go back.

G. L. (Dorking).—"Many Londoners have never known their London well." Even nowadays a policeman is sometimes startled by being asked the way in English.

T. L. (Tring).—"In one session of the Brains Trust, Dr. Joad said he was clever." We are inclined to agree, considering the queues for razor-blades.

F. L. (Lincoln).—"Many people use the pens and ink at post-office desks to write cheques." It should be easy to cross a cheque with a typical post-office nib.

E. M. (Margate).—"A famous American radio comedian is in this country." He is said to be very interested in the reception of his jokes here as told by British radio comedians.

**OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather**
*"I knows what yer goin' to be like when the Armistice comes, but there's no need to practise for it, like you was doin' last night!"*

## Side-Slips

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—". . . was fined £10 for receiving the stolen FLOODS, which included a coat and three skirts."

DAILY DISPATCH:—". . . but stood down in response to an appeal to avoid a BALLET in war time."

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—". . . said that the assaulted constable was not yet out of ANGER. . . ."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"The Ministry of Good announces . . ."

## GREATEST OF THESE

● Robert Williams thought his luck had changed recently when the local Methodist minister found him a job.

For there's still unemployment in his remote part of Caernarvonshire.

And it isn't easy to maintain a wife and thirteen children under eighteen—two older ones in the Services can't help much—on the dole.

So Williams took up his new duties with pride.

Almost at once, however, he had to tell his new employers bad news.

Eight of his children were in Caernarvon Isolation Hospital suffering from diphtheria.

The firm, fearing for its other workers, instructed him to keep away until all danger of spreading the disease had passed.

So—until his children are well again—Robert Williams' income is just nil.

To add to his misfortunes, his overworked wife has had to spend a few days in hospital herself.

Williams had an excellent fighting record in the last war. His reputation since has been that of an honest, hardworking, sober man.

That he has no resources to meet Fate's quick succession of body blows is explained by the size of his family.

His job will return with his children's health—but diphtheria is a slow business.

And meanwhile this deserving ex-Serviceman's family has to be helped over a very fearsome stile.

You can help by sending a donation (either marked "Lame Dogs" or to our General Fund) to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44. 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We'll gladly acknowledge where name and address are supplied, but anonymous gifts are welcome, too. And readers can have a copy of the current week's subscriptions on request. There are no deductions for administrative expenses!

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

## RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1394

**1st PRIZE £50 and RADIO**

**B. J. Russell, 23, Brighton Road, Newhaven, for this "Bullet":—**
**SWORD OF JUSTICE**
**NAZIS BANISH—WE BURNISH.**

**£10 and Radio:** A. Coman, "Clydesdale," St. Mary's Lane, Nth. Ockenden.
**Long Way From Venus—Missus, But "Evening Star."**

**£5:** L/Cpl. K. F. Chappell, Somewhere in Britain.
**Day Of Victory—Beware "*Blond Beast*" Then!**

**£4:** R. Hurst, Flat 6, Collingwood House, North Shields.
**If We Want Amidst—Plenty, Plenty Waste Altering.**

**£3:** S. Greenland, 63, M.A.P. Estate, Churchdown.
**Military Expert—Father—"Mustard" With Great!**

**£2:** J. M. Greenlaw, 11, Chancelot Grove, Edinburgh.
**Abundance—Deserve *Their* "Clocks Punched."**

## £50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

**6 PRIZES OF 30s.:**
S. J. Childs, 68, Rosemary Cres., Woodseaton.
**Rosemary's Essential, But—Hitler's Eyes Salvaged Shrapnel!**
F. Deaton, 12, Arthur St., Ryhope, Sunderland.
**Military Expert—Launched Offensive—Smashed Nib!**
V. M. Dufour, 80, Tolcarne Drive, Pinner, Middx.
**We Remember When—We "Taxed" Out "Anderson."**
J. Hindmore, 429, Parliamentary Rd., Glasgow.
**Fighting For Us—"Sixty Divisions" Encircling Cook?**
Mrs. D. Smith, Station House, Eastgate, Nr. Bishop Auckland.
**Abundance—"Certificates" Too Often "Saving."**
M. S. Wilson, 14, Frederick Gdns., Philadelphia, Durham.
**Day Of Victory—Hun Laid—Tomato Ripe!**

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 100 2-in-1 prizes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

## 9 BIG CHEQUES
**WON IN XWORD 346**

**WINNING WORDS:** 1. Feeding. 2. Sky. 3. Term. 4. Gowning. 5. Pile. 6. Carr. 7. Coulter. 8. Grumble. 9. Rose. 10. Wing. 11. Dip. 12. Race. 13. Key. 14. Carriage.

**£100 SHARERS:** L.A.C.W. M. Birch; Sgt. L. F. Clark; L/Sgt. V. J. Enright; Gnr. R. Holt, Somewhere-in-Britain; A. E. Porter, Hill Rise, Tring; L. Pritchard, 13, The Drive, Bargoed; Miss Richardson, 7, Market St., Lichfield; Mrs. J. Thomson, The Gardens, Kelty, Fife; H. J. White, Freedom, Old Netley, Bursledon.
**Runners-up Awards** value £25 shared between 20 entrants.

**£50 BONUS:** Each of the 22 competitors who won prizes in both Contests Nos. 345 and 346 will receive additional cheque for £1 1s. 0d.

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## Every Citizen should know..

VENEREAL DISEASES are increasing; more than 70,000 new cases now occur yearly among civilians alone. Venereal diseases bring tragedy into many homes, damage our war effort and endanger the future of our race.

Every citizen should know what these diseases are, how they are spread, how they can be avoided, and how and where they can be cured. Parents should make sure that their sons and daughters do not go out into the world ignorant of sex and its problems.

The two principal venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhœa.

Syphilis is the more dangerous of the two. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause complete disablement in early middle life from heart disease, paralysis, insanity, or all of these disasters. Syphilis can be passed on to an unborn child from its mother and (unless skilled treatment is given early in pregnancy) may cause the child to be born dead, or to die early in infancy, or to become blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, chronic ill-health, and—in both men and women—inability to have children.

In adults syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always contracted through sexual intercourse with an infected person—accidental infection is rare. Clean living is the only safeguard.

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor. Quack or self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous.

Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean cure. Treatment must be continued until the doctor says it may be stopped.

Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore on or near the sex organs, or any unusual discharge from those organs. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Dept. M-17-NM, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

*Issued by the Ministry of Health, and the Central Council for Health Education.* (M-17-27)


## Win a BIG CHEQUE for 4 LETTERS!

Room in your pocket for an extra £50? Then enjoy a few minutes with "Laugh-Lines"—the All-Smiles Contest which "John Bull" provides specially for busy readers.

First chuckle awhile over the "Bullets" below. Then, as directed on coupon, decide on the FOUR LETTERS which can win you that £50 cheque. Another mixture of amusing £50 "Laugh-Lines" in your next "John Bull"—make them your weekly tonic!

**£50 CASH 1st. PRIZE**

HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP!

**XWORDS** Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. In Desperation—Photographer Offered Baby *Camera!*
B. Village Caruso—Blacksmith, Till Hammer Slipped!
C. Stunned Him—Postmistress—"That Gun Licensed?"
D. Should Be Stopped—Ears—Or Father's Tooth!
E. Baby Next Door—"Lobster" Causing *Our* Insomnia!
F. Pride—"Any Old *Spots*, Lady?"
G. Auntie's Canary—Moulted, Seeing *Her* "Feathers."
H. Can't Retire—Sandy—Season Ticket's Unexpired!
J. Growing A Little—Moustache, On Approval—Henpeck!

**GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COUPON BELOW**

**HOW YOU CAN WIN £50**

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with Bullets entry.

| | | | | | | |
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| 1ST | | | | | | |
| 2ND | | | | | | |
| 3RD | | | | | | |
| 4TH | | | | | | |

FEE 2d PER COL. Is. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 6.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, OCT. 25.

140

**RULES** 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrants who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious pinching of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. The divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

**INCREASED CASH IN "BULLETS" RADIO OFFER!**

1st PRIZE £75 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO!

2nd PRIZE £10 PLUS NOVEL SURPRISE

£5 £4 £3 £2 6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

100 Next Prizes 1000 Other Awards

BIG CELEBRATION OFFER COMING!

**USE any of these "EXAMPLES"**

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 5.

THE GREAT POWERS
TO FEED THE HUNGRY
WHEN WAR STARTED
STANDS ALONE
ENEMY WITHIN
WARNING NOTE
STALIN SAYS LITTLE, BUT
IN OUR HEARTS
SOLVED THE MYSTERY
NO MAN CAN SAY

BULLETS 1,394 RESULT appears on page 14

COMMANDO SPIRIT
MAP OF THE WORLD
THINKING OF HOME
AS WE GO
POLICY OF GRAB
HOPING
TURN OF THE SCREW
NO FUTURE
IN THE MAKING
STORE OF KNOWLEDGE

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

FIRES OF.....
IN THE.....WORLD
PART OF THE .....
NOT BEING .....
GLAD OF THE .....
GETTING IN A .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

**2 FREE BULLETS** allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 6. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,396 Monday, Oct. 25

Signed .....

Address .....

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "Bullets" 1,396—or "Laugh-Lines" 149, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

## Mother! Child's Best Laxative Is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 2/4 and 2/6.

## The Quickest Way To Stop Indigestion

***says a well-known Doctor***

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble—excess stomach acid. I find that this can best be done by taking after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This preparation contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science, a fact proved recently by X-ray experiments. I advise any of you who suffer from indigestion to get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia; you'll find that a small dose will stop stomach pain within two or three minutes.

*N.B. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above, is sold by all chemists at prices from 7d. to 2/10, including Purchase Tax.*

# WATCH THAT SHADOW!

The Squander Bug is always lurking in the background, ready to pounce on your housekeeping money. Be on your guard against him. Keep your cash out of his clutches by putting more and more into WAR SAVINGS every week.

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES • DEFENCE BONDS • POST OFFICE AND TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS

*Issued by The National Savings Committee*

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# POWER *for* WAR!

Power Stations everywhere are the driving force behind the war factories. *You* can save power for the National War Effort and have bright, economical lighting by using

**MAZDA LAMPS**

They Stay Bright Longer

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

3979

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HARD AT IT? *MAKE SURE OF YOUR REST!*

# THE MORE YOU WORK—THE BETTER THE SLEEP YOU NEED

**You're not doing your bit if you're not really fit!**

Here are two 'scientific sleep' tips to try out to-night. See how much better they make you feel in the morning!

*Start taking these two hints to-night—and you'll find they make a world of difference to your pep and go.*

1 Whatever your worries—*think of something that makes you feel happy for at least half-an-hour before bedtime every night.* Troubled sleep is unhealthy sleep.

2 Make a 'nightcup' of Bourn-vita a regular habit—it will soothe you, help digestion and calm your whole body.

With CADBURYS **BOURN-VITA** you'll be equal to it!

1/5 per ½ lb

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# Women's wits wanted!

Industry and Government Departments are in urgent need of intelligent women for engineering draughtsmanship, production planning, radio research and scientific instrument design. Here's a war job where good brains can be used on really interesting and important work.

## What do I do...?

If I have passed in maths., physics, general science or chemistry in the School Certificate or in an equivalent or higher examination, I send to the Ministry of Labour, 8, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1, for Leaflet PL.101.W.

I apply even if my qualifications are slightly lower, provided I have proved ability in practical or scientific work.

*Issued by the Ministry of Information*

*Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society*

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H. SAMUEL
THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER
Until Victory is won the House of H. Samuel is devoting practically all its manufacturing resources to war work—turning out vital munitions for our fighting men. But when peace returns you are guaranteed new H. Samuel watches and precious jewellery even more precise, even more beautiful, even greater value than those which have made his name famous all over the world.

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# TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the three-fold comfort treatment:—A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. *Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.*

**Cuticura OINTMENT**

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# YOUR IRON may save his life

More and more iron 'scrap' is needed to build tanks with still thicker and tougher armour to protect the men inside them. Send still more iron for salvage! Give *your* IRON to save *their* lives.

*Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.*

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